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CHRONICLE.

The Latest
Canard.

THE incurable avidity of the British *gobemouche* was well shown last Wednesday afternoon, when the town was set agog by an enterprising evening newspaper, which thought fit to placard "Grave crisis! Resignation of Mr. GLADSTONE." It might have been supposed that any one, with a grain of sense in his head, would have known that, if this thing were to happen, it would not happen thus, or be thus announced; but the belief in "private information" seems to be as ineradicable from the human mind as liability to the confidence trick. At last, after much telegraphing, a statement was elicited from Biarritz, to the effect that Mr. GLADSTONE was certainly very old, very blind, very deaf, and generally unfit to be a Prime Minister; but that he had no more intention of ceasing to be one than he had the day, or the month, or the year before, and no less. In short, with any other Prime Minister in Mr. GLADSTONE's case retirement would necessarily be a question of weeks or days; with Mr. GLADSTONE it may be. All which, as we have said, every rational Englishman might have said to himself when he heard the first newsboy bawling or saw the first splash of the poster.

In Parliament. The Employers' Liability Bill came before the Lords on *Monday*, with the result that, after a very workmanlike debate, the Lords "insisted" on Lord DUDLEY's amendment as to contracting out in its new form, but did not insist on that relating to seamen. Lord RIPON at first endeavoured to carry out the new Gladstonian theory of the Constitution, and gave no reasons why the Lords should not insist, except that the Commons wished them not to do so. But he was, to use a sporting term, slightly ignominious but appropriate to the case, "kicked up," not merely by Lord SALISBURY, but by his own followers, Lord STANMORE and Lord FARRER, into a speech on the merits. The new amendments to the amendment, which were removed by Lords CAMPERDOWN and DUDLEY, increased the amount of the employers' contribution to the insurance fund, and made provision for change of mind on the part of the workman.

The most interesting name in the scanty Gladstonian division list (for Lords STANMORE and FARRER, both Liberals *s'il en fût*, and both recent creations of Mr. GLADSTONE's, voted on the other side) was that of Lord OXENBRIDGE. Had that noble lord's attention

ever been called to the proceedings in the case of a certain Building Society called the Liberator (with others connected), he surely could not have thought that litigation is the most certain way of securing to poor people sums on which they have a claim. But doubtless Lord OXENBRIDGE never heard of these cases.

The difference between the House of Lords and that other House a Scotch member whereof the other day roundly and naïvely protested that "he would not vote against anything that the Government proposed" was well illustrated on *Thursday*, when the Peers spent the whole evening on the Parish Councils Bill. So independent of mere party lines was the proceeding that in one division the numbers were 112 to 89, many Unionists supporting the Government. And so businesslike was it that a sanguine person might really have conceived some hope of the "amorphous botch" of a Bill (as Mr. CARLYLE would have justly called it) being got into some shape. The limit of population was raised from two to five hundred, and divers other alterations were introduced, Lord KIMBERLEY (whom everybody welcomed back) doggedly opposing all, on the general ground, we suppose, that the House of Lords only meets in Bed of Justice to register the decrees of the House of Commons.

At the Conference of Conservative Peers, held at Lord SALISBURY's house yesterday week, it was resolved to insist on Lord DUDLEY's amendment to the Employers' Liability Bill. The steps to be taken with the Parish Councils Bill appear to have been less definitely announced; but Lord SALISBURY, while promising plentiful amendment, did not seem to see his way to the total excision of the mischievous Poor-law wren from the Bill. Mr. BRYCE was still addressing his constituents at Aberdeen, and not distinguishing himself exactly in the way that his admirers might wish. Mr. BRYCE was not cast by nature for the part of a Tribune Defying the Wicked Patricians. Lord ROBERTS, speaking at Cardiff on his being made a citizen thereof, again insisted strongly on the maintenance of maritime supremacy. A curious example of the astonishing muddlement which private influences, combined with current political fallacies, may generate in a man of business, was given by Mr. PRITCHARD MORGAN, M.P., in his evidence before the Welsh Land Commission. Mr. MORGAN actually complained of Welsh farming rents being too high because his miners could not pay these rents except

by the aid of their mine wages. But who ever said that a farmer could be a miner as well, and make both farming and mining pay? Sir JOHN GORST advocated statutory Boards of Labour arbitration.

Mr. CHAMBERLAIN spoke at Birmingham on Saturday, but was in the main non-political. Mr. McLAREN wrote to the *Times* to say how much nicer his amendment was than Lord DUDLEY's, and Mr. L. V. HARCOURT, at his father's desire, to point out that Sir WILLIAM, at Derby, had said that a Prime Minister in certain cases would be "guilty of high treason against the "House of Commons." The CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER reminds us of DONNE's "Schoolmen who make "new tenements in Hell." We did not think that at this time of day a brand-new crime could be created; but Sir WILLIAM has done it. In Ireland Mr. O'BRIEN was grumbling about the Evicted Tenants, but would not desert Mr. MICAWBER.

Mr. CHAMBERLAIN spoke at Stourbridge on Monday, defending the Opposition from the charge of Obstruction, and exposing the attempts to get up a cry against the House of Lords on side issues. Mr. CHAPLIN also spoke at Sleaford.

On Tuesday Mr. CHAMBERLAIN spoke as the guest of the Conservative Club of Edgbaston, and poured another broadside into Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT and the "New Radicals" generally. Mr. PICKARD spoke at Barnsley in a tone of sulky bluster, which did not promise Lord SHAND an easy time at the Conciliation Board—unless it should turn out, which is possible, that the cause of Mr. PICKARD's ill humour was the sense that his dupes had nearly enough of him last year. In Ireland Mr. DAVITT had the extreme good luck to have Judge BOYD's decision in his bankruptcy reversed by the Court of Appeal. It is interesting to reflect on what would probably happen to a Tory politician in a parallel case before a Home Rule Bench.

Mr. BALFOUR, again visiting Manchester, spoke there on Wednesday, and urged preparation for the dissolution, which might come as a thief in the night. Mr. CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN, at Dunfermline, said that "the "mass of the people need not shrink" from a conflict about the House of Lords. We agree with the SECRETARY for WAR, though in a very different sense from his. Considering that "the mass of the [English] "people" is on the side of the Lords, together with the immense majority of the English members of the House of Commons, the considerable majority of Scotchmen who have sense or property, and very nearly all Irishmen who have either, we do not think that they need shrink from that conflict, and we do think that Mr. CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN, with nothing but an English minority, a not very strong Scotch majority even in numbers, and the scum of Ireland at his back, would be a little rash to provoke it.

Foreign and Colonial Affairs. On Friday week it was briefly and next morning with more detail announced that the KHEDIVE had agreed to eat his leek, had telegraphed a withdrawal of his criticism, and consented to sign a general order to that effect, and to remove MAHER Pasha to some civil post. Even his friends in France had not much to say for him, though they were naturally busy with the subject. In France itself a play by the ingenious M. BARRÈS, called *Une Journée Parlementaire*, had been prohibited, which is a capital advertisement for the lively author of *Le Jardin de Bérénice*. A sort of "swap" of rather paltry compensations had been made between France and Italy on the counter-claims for the Aigues Mortes riots and the anti-French demonstrations in the Italian capitals. Lord ELGIN had arrived at Calcutta. Mr. RHODES, at the Cape, had invited the assistance of the country "for "the next five anxious years." "*Mais tu ne prendras "pas cinq ans à l'Eternel*," as the greatest of French

poets has it, or nearly so. There had been unanimous mourning at Zanzibar for Sir GERALD PORTAL, whose amiable, as well as admirable, qualities had made a great impression during his tenure of office there. The meeting of the German EMPEROR and of Prince BISMARCK in Berlin had begun, continued, and ended without a hitch, to the general joy of all the Berliners. There was lively controversy in the United States on financial matters, past, present, and to come.

Details of the KHEDIVE's "execution of himself" came on Monday morning. He was *heureux de constater* those services of the English officers which he had so insolently slighted, and so forth. Also MAHER Pasha had gone on leave indefinite. And so ABBAS has had his Second Lesson. As the East loves parables, it might be explained to him that there is no provision for a Third in the ritual of the English Church. At Calcutta, on Saturday, Lord ELGIN had assumed the Viceroyalty, and Lord LANSDOWNE had left for England, blessed or banned by the newspapers, according to their loyalty. Fuller reports of Mr. RHODES's Cape Town speech attenuated, or obliterated altogether, the very offensive remarks contained in the telegraphic summary. There had been a great scene in the French Chamber, some Socialist ravings of M. CLOVIS HUGUES having provoked another deputy, M. CHAUDEY, whose father was murdered by the Commune, to speak some home-truths on this subject. Thereupon the Extreme Left raised the cry of "Vive la Commune!" till one of them, M. THIVRIER, was censured, ordered to withdraw, and, on his refusal, removed by the soldiers. At Rome the Congregation of Rites had "pronounced" in favour of the introduction of the cause of beatification in JOAN of Arc's case. As the Church killed JOAN, it is clearly right that the Church should beatify her. But the reparation, or the completion, or whatever it is called, is a little tardy. The German EMPEROR's thirty-fifth birthday and twenty-fifth anniversary of soldiery was celebrated in Berlin with festivities of various kinds. The Servian Radicals had not taken the last *coup d'état* kindly, but had protested.

On Tuesday we learnt that the KHEDIVE had rounded off his *peccavi* by agreeing that no successor to MAHER Pasha should be appointed without Lord CROMER's approval. Financial matters had been the subject of a good deal of grumbling and gloom in France, Germany, and the United States, not to mention Italy, Portugal, and Greece. The American Embassy at Rome had been invaded by burglars, whose aim appeared to be as much mischief as plunder. The CZAR was very ill with influenza and complications. From Rio it was asserted that the harbour was at last under the complete control of the insurgents, and that the American Admiral, having appealed first to Admiral DA GAMA and then to Marshal PEIXOTO, had been rebuffed by both.

The chief feature of foreign news on Wednesday morning was a very strange story from Brazil, where, in consequence, on the one hand, of American interference, on the other of an extraordinary compound of rashness, clumsiness, and pusillanimity on the part of Admiral DA GAMA, it was said that the insurgent leader had actually surrendered to the United States ship *Detroit*. On the other hand, insurgent successes on land were positively asserted. It has long been obvious that the United States authorities would, if they dared, interfere to prevent the restoration of Monarchy in Brazil; but it naturally seemed impossible that there would have been such a playing into their hands on the part of Admiral DA GAMA. The CZAR was better; and accounts of the condition of Lord CROMER, who was known to be suffering from influenza, differed considerably. It was also said that there was dissension between the KHEDIVE and RIAZ Pasha—a thing which, if true, would show that ABBAS is utterly unfit even to "vict-

"reign." In accord with such a Prime Minister as RIAZ he might have made a case against us plausible, at least to our enemies; in discord with him he becomes impossible. The understrapper and makebate MAHER was said to have been appointed to the household. In France the authorities were not at all pleased with Colonel BONNIER's "conquest of Timbuctoo," and he was to be recalled for explanations. M. LOCKROY had got up an elaborate naval scare debate of the kind with which we are familiar here. The financial debates in the German Reichstag were continuing; and the University of Brussels had been closed in consequence of disturbances at the prohibition of a lecture by M. ELISÉE RECLUS. The Portuguese were protesting against new taxes by closing their places of business, an oddity somewhat resembling that form of sulks in private life which makes people go to bed and stay there. Princess MARIE LOUISE of Bulgaria had borne Prince FERDINAND a son, who was christened BORIS, and created Duke of TIRNOVA, both "to the address of 'Messieurs the Russians,' no doubt.

The most astonishing parts of the astonishing Brazilian "shave" above reported were shaved off on Thursday. There had been no surrender, and nothing in the way of firing but some rifle-shots. The incident, however, still remained mysterious. There had been published in a native Egyptian paper what seemed to be the KHEDEVE's version of the Wady Halfa incident; attenuating, but not greatly, the language used, and ending with a violent attack, not merely on the English, but on the Ministry. The Duke of EDINBURGH had been rapturously received in his German capital of Gotha. Bulgaria was still *en fête* over its infant Prince.

Yesterday morning the KHEDEVE was said to have improved his manners externally towards the English, but to be desperately angry with his own Ministers. The House of Representatives, at Washington, had passed the Tariff Bill, Income-tax and all. The French naval debate had ended with a vote of confidence in the Government, by 356 to 160. There had been Colonial debating in the German Reichstag almost throughout the week; but it does not seem that the extraordinary story attributing the recent outbreak at the Cameroons to the wholesale flogging on barrels of the wives of the native troops was investigated.

Both Houses of the Convocation of Canterbury have been busy this week over the Parish Councils Bill, some of the Bishops of the Northern Province being in a sort of informal assessorship.

The Society for Psychical Research had a field-day yesterday week, at which it listened to a Presidential address from Mr. ARTHUR BALFOUR, and a paper on the Cock Lane Ghost from Mr. ANDREW LANG. The latter, of course, went to show that the Cock Lane Ghost has been by no means explained away; while Mr. BALFOUR essayed a wider flight, and took Science to task for not allowing that there are well-attested facts which do not fall into its framework. But that is exactly what the man of science, as distinguished from the philosopher, will never do. If the ghost says "Sibboleth" when Science says "Shibboleth," so much the worse for the ghost; the real fun of the thing being that the Shibboleth of Science herself to-day is frequently her Sibboleth to-morrow.

On Monday the Court of Appeal dissolved the interim injunction obtained by Mr. MONSON against the two TUSSAIDS. Lord HALSBURY, Lord Justice LOPES, and Lord Justice DAVEY, all delivered elaborate written judgments, differing not a little in detail, but going generally on the ground that new evidence since the first application showed

acquiescence on the plaintiff's part. The great "cor-dite" action also began on that day.

Much interest was shown in the inquiry into the affairs of the South American and Mexican Company, which was opened on Tuesday.

On Wednesday Mr. HANNAY decided that none of the charges in the HARNES case had been made out, and discharged the defendants.

We read in a Gladstonian print, under the interesting heading "Justice and Party Appointments. 'Politics,' that 'strong indignation is felt in Liberal circles' at Lord HERSCHELL for making Mr. Registrar EMDEN, 'an active Conservative,' a County Court judge. 'No less than fifty Liberal barristers were prepared to accept the appointment,' says the indignant and delightful paragrapher. Is he quite sure that no more were?

This day week Mr. KEARLEY, M.P., made a long, violent, and somewhat unmannerly reply to Lord NELSON's vindication of the management of the Patriotic Fund. We have not investigated, and therefore have no opinion on, the merits of the case; but it is surely possible to argue them without big words. Colonel SAUNDERSON rubbed in the lesson of the Cork Evangelist-mobbing.

Correspondences of some acerbity were going on at the beginning of the week between Dr. HOWARD RUSSELL and Colonel LONSDALE HALE on the subject of the Siege of Paris, and between Lord GRIMTHORPE and the incumbent of St. Saviour's, or St. Mary Overy, in reference to the restoration, size, &c., of that famous church.

On Tuesday the London County Council determined to appeal against the decision that it may not take going tramways at the price of old iron; and expressed anxiety as to the municipal training of waiters. Some details were published of the cottages which the Council is building on a thoughtfully selected spot at Greenwich.

There was another landslip at Sandgate, yesterday week; and the first-fruits of the gusty weather appeared in the stranding of a large ship at St. Margaret's Bay. Subsequently a sad wreck was reported from the Kerry coast, where a stranded ship, after lying close in shore for days, with a crew of twenty-five men, whom it was impossible to rescue, at last broke up, with the loss of all on board.

It was announced, at the end of last week, that a sum of 50,000*l.* had been left to the Shropshire County Council, for the teaching of agriculture. But what good is it teaching agriculture with wheat at twenty-four shillings a quarter?

The Playgoers Club held a dinner on Sunday, and were addressed by Mr. BEERBOHM TREE and Mr. PINERO, the latter pointing out to critics that

The common fool can make an author smart;
Praise is the angel's—and the critic's—part.

Miss CONSTANCE FENIMORE WOOLSON, a great-niece of COOPER'S, was one of the best American novelists of her sex, and in *Jupiter Lights* and *East Angels* achieved work very far from commonplace.—Mrs. CECIL CLAY, formerly Miss ROSINA VOKES, who died at the early age of thirty-seven, had contributed not a little to the harmless gaiety of this nation, and indeed of others.—Mlle. LÉONIDE LEBLANC was a well-known and, during the later years of the Empire, almost a famous French actress.

After a very dull January, as far as books were concerned, the present week has seen at least three—two new and one old—of interest. These are the Duke of ARGYLL'S *The Burdens of Belief and other Poems* (MURRAY), the fourth volume of the Bishop of PETERBOROUGH'S *History of the Papacy*, and

a new edition, by Mr. GOSSE, of HAZLITT'S delightful *Conversations with Northcote* (BENTLEY).—*The Tempest* was produced on Wednesday at Oxford by the University Dramatic Society with much success.

THE LORDS AND THE LIABILITY BILL.

AS every one expected, and as only Gladstonians pretended, for rhetorical purposes, to doubt, the Lords have, by a large majority, adhered to Lord DUDLEY'S amendment to the Employers' Liability Bill. Having regard to the thorough hollowness and insincerity of the Commons' "reasons for disagreeing" with it, they would have been amply justified in adhering to it in its unamended form. No doubt, however, it was wise as well as courteous to assume the existence of a good faith which there is no reason to believe exists in fact, and to set gravely to work to parry the one objection of the Gladstonian majority which has any pretence to colour. Lord DUDLEY'S amendment in its original form would have enabled employers (said the Commons) "by private arrangements with a portion of their workmen to exempt themselves from the operation of the Bill, without providing for the protection or compensation of the workmen by any adequate substitute." Well, how does the matter stand now that the amendment has been further amended, and what sort of a look-out does it now leave for the wicked employer who should attempt to evade the Act in the manner suggested? In the first place, any workman whom he may have induced to contract himself out of the Act may release himself from the insurance contract at will by giving notice, and employers are forbidden to make subscription to an insurance fund a condition of employment. In the second place, if the insurance fund proves to be insufficient to provide compensation, and the employer is unwilling to make it up, the workman resumes his rights under the Act. In the third place, contracting out is forbidden altogether in cases where the number of workmen employed is so small that no valid approval could be given to any insurance arrangement by a majority. Lastly, it is provided that where the employer makes any such arrangement with his workmen, his own contribution to it shall be one-third, instead of one-fourth. After this we might have expected even the most jealously watchful guardian of the workman against the wicked employer to admit that the way of this particular transgressor has been made singularly hard for him, and that the adoption of these elaborate precautions against his wiles attests an anxious desire on the part of the Lords to free a generally beneficent amendment from all possible risk of working mischief. But that is not how it strikes the *Daily News*. On the contrary, observes that charitable critic, "this careful amendment of a hostile amendment emphasizes the deliberation and determination with which the Lords insist on spoiling the Bill." After this, of course, there is no more to be said. If concession is only a refined form of obstinacy, it would, of course, be vain for the Lords to attempt to repel the charge of enmity to the principle of the Ministerial legislation by the idle plea that they have done all in their power to meet Ministers half-way.

The only awkwardness about this simple Gladstonian account of the Lords' decision is that it does not seem to explain quite satisfactorily the attitude of the two dissentient Gladstonian peers. What exactly is the Ministerialist theory of the motives of Lords FARRER and STANMORE? Were they insisting with "deliberation and determination" on "spoiling the Bill"? and was the particularly telling argument of the former peer—namely, that to prohibit "domestic insurance" altogether would inevitably diminish the workman's safe-

guard by compelling his employer to cover his risk by outside insurance—a mere "cloak for maliciousness"? Truth to tell, however, the votes of these two lost sheep appear to be a very sore subject with the Ministerialist press, and they say as little about them as possible. Nor can we wonder at it. Lord STANMORE'S peerage is the very latest Gladstonian creation, and Lord FARRER is about the last man in the world to give a vote against the Government on a measure of popular legislation, except under irresistible constraint of conscience. The action which he has found himself compelled to take amounts, therefore, to the most distinct declaration that, in his opinion, the Bill as amended by the Lords confers all the benefits on the working class as a whole which it was professedly designed to secure to them, and that the only effect of the amendment will be to prevent it from indirectly imposing a grossly unjust and oppressive disability on certain members of that class. In these circumstances he has very rightly held that it is no part of his duty to enter upon any minute comparison of the merits of Lord DUDLEY'S amendments with those of Mr. McLAREN'S, and the less so, perhaps, because that ingenuous gentleman has admitted that the defeat of his own proposal in the Commons was not the result of a *bonâ fide* vote. If the majority, says in effect that candid Gladstonian, had voted according to their convictions and consciences, his amendment would have been carried. It was rejected, he substantially confesses, in obedience to pressure from what Lord SALISBURY bluntly described as a "cruel organization"; and the Gladstonians, who have been holding up their hands in affected horror at this perfectly accurate description of the Trade-Unions who have forbidden the Government to yield to the just demands of the railway men, must know full well that it was precisely this very tyranny which Mr. McLAREN had in his mind.

Fortunately there is no room for the slightest doubt of the Lords' determination to resist it. Why, indeed, should they hesitate? The incredible mismanagement of the Government in nailing their colours to the mast on this question has supplied the Unionist majority in the Upper House with such an opportunity of defending popular rights, while at the same time administering such a damaging blow to their political adversaries, as only an extraordinary combination of blunder and bluster could possibly have presented them with. The blunder has been made once for all, and the bluster is being persisted in, in the desperate hope of repairing it. And, as often happens in such cases, the fact that it is irreparable by its authors is comically put forward as a reason why other people should save them from its consequences. Thus we are told, about every other day, in the Gladstonian press, and probably shall continue to be told until the 12th of this month, that it is "impossible for the Government to give way on the question of contracting out of the Bill." We dare say it is impossible. Mr. ASQUITH and Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT have done their best to make it so. But the fact that these two Ministers—the one, it is to be supposed, through sheer tactical misjudgment, and the other, no doubt, out of mere exuberance of swagger—have so committed their colleagues to a "no surrender" policy that amicable compromise would now be undistinguishable from disgraceful capitulation is not, strange, as it may seem to the Gladstonian, exactly a reason why the Lords should give way. You do not make a position tenable by making retreat from it impracticable. Nor do you, by dwelling ever so earnestly on this last circumstance, furnish the besiegers with any powerful inducement to retreat. The only effect of such insistence is to impress them more and more with a sense of their overwhelming advantages; and even a much less powerful majority in numbers and political capacity than that which has just reaffirmed the Lords' amendment

could hardly fail to recognize the strength of this advantage or be weak enough to throw it away. They have simply nothing to do now but to stand aside and let the Government take their course between the two extremely disagreeable alternatives before them. Either Ministers must climb down and "transact"—a step which their spokesmen have rightly described as impossible, and which would, in fact, leave them clothed with derision as with a garment; or they must consent to the loss of by far the more really important to them, politically speaking, of their only two important measures, and add to the defeat of the Home Rule Bill a second disaster, more disgraceful because more gratuitously provoked and more easy to be averted.

Against the notable gain which the Lords can thus secure by pressing their advantage what is there to be set off? Nothing but the mere empty menace, the accents of which seem already to be growing fainter, of a popular agitation against them. On this Mr. CHAMBERLAIN, in his hard-hitting speech of Monday last, at Birmingham, had an excellent word to say. He knows, he told his audience, all about agitations against the House of Lords. He has "been there," in the American phrase. He has "taken part in one of them himself"; but then, he contends, he had a very different and better sort of case against the Peers than the Gladstonians have now. We remember perfectly well the agitation to which Mr. CHAMBERLAIN refers, and his own share in it; and we do not agree with him that the case of the agitators had one whit more real strength than the present. The whole demonstration resolved itself on that occasion into one fairly well stage-managed Hyde Park procession; and, in any case, the so-called dispute between the two Houses ended, as Mr. CHAMBERLAIN surely cannot have forgotten, if not in a positive victory for the Lords—as we hold that it did—at all events in a compromise which could have been arranged at any moment without the caracoling of a single "mounted farrier," or the waving of a single flag. Still, taking that agitation at Mr. CHAMBERLAIN'S estimate of it, what amount of hope can the recollection of it afford just now to the discomfited Gladstonian? If this was all he could do when he was able to allege that he had the undivided support of "the proletariat," and to pretend that the Lords were resisting the enfranchisement of "two millions of capable citizens," what sort of a look-out is it for him when that House is admittedly protecting the privileges and giving expression to the wishes of many score thousand workmen of some of the leading and most important industries in the country? It is a most discouraging sum in political rule of three for a Gladstonian to work out, and the process cannot have been made more cheerful for him by observing that, even with the daily growing certainty that the action of the Lords would lead to the loss of the Bill, unless the Government conceded their just stipulation, not a single voice of protest has been raised by any body of working-men from one end of the kingdom to the other.

MONSON AND TUSSAUD.

"WELL, good-bye," said an obscure murderer (now no more), some years ago, to a friend whom he had encountered casually in the street shortly after perpetrating the deed which brought him to the gallows; "next time you see me it will be in a wax-works." Whether or not this gentleman's aspiration after posthumous fame was crowned with fruition history saith not; but it is now certain that, without committing murder, and even after being acquitted of that crime, it is possible to get into a waxworks, and may be very difficult to get out.

The judgment of the Divisional Court upon Mr.

A. J. MONSON'S application for injunctions to restrain the two corporations bearing the honoured name of TUSSAUD from exhibiting his waxen presentment was intelligible, and as far as it went satisfactory. That of the Court of Appeal can hardly be said to be either. Justices MATHEW and COLLINS held that the exhibition of the figure of MONSON in close juxtaposition with Chambers of Horrors, and with figures of VAILLANT, PIGGOTT, and the widow MAYBRICK, was an undoubted libel; that a verdict for the defendants, if returned by a jury, would show such distinct inability to understand the merits of the case, that it could not be allowed to stand, and that, therefore, upon the acknowledged principles regulating injunctions in cases of libel, the injunction ought to be allowed to go. This seems just enough, in spite of the opinion of Lord Justice LOPES to the contrary. It is outraging common sense to say that such an exhibition, coupled with the advertisements which were before the Court, did not amount to a suggestion that MONSON was discredibly concerned in the murder of Lieutenant HAMBROUGH, and was, in fact, plausibly suspected of having murdered him. If the defendants had admitted the innuendo, and announced their intention of "justifying"—i.e. pleading that they might lawfully describe MONSON as a murderer because he was one—the case would have stood on a different footing; but there was no suggestion of their intending to do anything so foolish. In the absence of justification, it was impossible that the exhibition should not be defamatory. If the jury thought that the case was so suspicious as to make the innuendo practically non-injurious to MONSON'S reputation, it might be a case for nominal damages; but a verdict for nominal damages is a verdict for the plaintiff, and therefore, on true principles of law, it was correct to say that there could not properly be a verdict for the defendants. Lawyers have never been able to understand, *The Capital and Counties Bank v. HENTY* notwithstanding, how judges can ever properly say that any form of expression cannot possibly be libellous; but it is clear that some allegations, if certain not to be justified, must be libellous. It is probable that MONSON'S effigy would never have been placed where it is if the proprietors of the waxworks had realized that "not proven" is Scotch for "not guilty," and that "not guilty" in Scotland means something else, and something more than it says.

With the judgment of the Divisional Court Lord HALSBURY agreed, because it was right, and Lord Justice LOPES disagreed, because he thought a jury might, without being technically "unreasonable," find verdicts for the defendants; while Lord Justice DAVEY, with more of the discretion usual with the judges than was shown by either of his brethren, declined to say whether he agreed or not, inasmuch as he agreed with the rest of the Court that the injunction should be dissolved by reason of evidence which had not been before the Divisional Court. This evidence was a more or less credible suggestion that MONSON had himself authorized the exhibition, or, at least, had been willing to agree to it if he was paid rather more than the exhibitors were prepared to offer. With sufficient respect to the Court of Appeal, we cannot understand what this had to do with the matter. If MONSON had a right to prevent the exhibition, why should he not sell his consent, if so disposed, without forfeiting his right? And why should he not refuse to consent to a bargain he had not authorized, and stand upon rights which he would have been willing to waive for a consideration? Surely it is no answer to an application for an injunction not to interfere with ancient lights that the applicant bargained about the assertion of his right, and was willing to forego it upon better terms than those that were

offered to him. It is hard to see how the Court of Appeal could distinguish the two cases. The upshot of the whole matter is unsatisfactory from every point of view, and the most unsatisfactory part of it is that both Courts but especially the Court of Appeal, treated the matter solely as a case of libel. Whatever the law may be, it ought to be that portrait-models, or portraits of individuals, or at any rate of individuals who have neither fled from justice nor been convicted of crime, ought not to be allowed to be exhibited if those individuals object. The case of newspapers illustrating with pictures the news of the day or the week is, as Lord HALSBURY pointed out, quite different from comparatively permanent shows like Madame TUSSAUD'S. But everybody, whether monarch or crossing-sweeper, and whether incorrectly accused of murder or correctly accused but not convicted, or existing in any other capacity outside a gaol, ought to have the right of preventing other people from making a show of his face and features. And if—which is doubtful—the law does not give everybody this right, then it “does not suit” the circumstances of civilised life, and ought to “be altered.”

THE KHEDEVE'S APOLOGY.

IT was announced at the beginning of this week that the last Egyptian incident was closed—which perhaps may be the case till the next one is opened. We do not see what else Lord CROMER and Lord ROSEBURY could possibly have done, and yet there is certainly no particular reason for any Englishman to congratulate himself on the facts. By formally withdrawing, contradicting, and protesting that he never used the words which it is notorious that he did use, ABBAS Pasha has, no doubt, shown that he does not even possess the courage of his rashness, and that, though he has had blood enough to be an ungrateful *protégé* and a troublesome ward, he has not got backbone enough to be a “patriot prince.” If the semi-official article in the newspaper *El Akram* be really due to his inspiration, his case is worse still; for he has tried to wriggle out of his out-wriggling, and has fixed a quarrel on his Ministry, who, alone, might give him support. It is even said that this young person, who seems to be studying the celebrated part of the “Angry Boy,” is more wrath with MUKHTAR Pasha and with the SULTAN than with any one. But though, as we have said, the thing, no doubt, had to be done, the doing of it can give us no particular satisfaction. And the code of honour of the East is not exactly that of the West. To insult some one grossly, wantonly, and without the slightest justification, and then to get off by an abject apology and a humble protest that you never dreamt of doing any such thing, is rather a worse humiliation for an English gentleman than a public caning. In the East there is at least a chance of the preliminary insult being taken as a proof of spirit and the subsequent grovelling as a proof of dexterity. Still, we repeat, unless ABBAS Pasha had been packed off somewhere at once, or unless he had been calmly neglected, we do not quite see what else could have been done.

Meanwhile Mr. WILFRID BLUNT (with that curious ill fortune which may or may not be a silent comment of the Upper Powers on his somewhat more than curious attitude when Egyptians are concerned on the one hand and Englishmen on the other) once more makes his appearance in the *Nineteenth Century* to talk about affairs of Egypt. He was a little unlucky on the last occasion; his ill-luck has changed to disaster now. No doubt, this will not be the way in which it appears to Mr. WILFRID BLUNT. A man who can congratulate himself that everybody in and

about Downing Street and “all behind the scenes” admit the accuracy of his last communication will be disposed to see nothing but felicity in the fact that his present was written just before the KHEDEVE'S outbreak of ill-mannered folly at Wady Halfa, and is printed just after he has finished eating the last fragment of the very fine leek which Lord CROMER has exhibited to him. As before, there is, no doubt, instruction to be got from Mr. BLUNT. We are not at all disposed to differ with him in his various demonstrations or assertions that a large number of persons in Egypt, from the KHEDEVE downwards, would be very glad to see our backs. And we certainly shall not waste time in pointing out that his estimates of the political wisdom contained in the recent proposals of the Legislative Council, and so forth, are ill founded. But we must condole a little with Mr. BLUNT on that ill fortune of his to which we have referred. It is cruel that we should have the chance of reading fervent eulogies on ABBAS Pasha's possession of “the shrewdest political head in Egypt,” on his being “absolutely without fear,” and so forth, just after the KHEDEVE has indulged in a senseless outbreak suited to offend, not merely the English, but part, and the best part, of his own army, and after he has in the most abject fashion swallowed his own words at the crack of Lord CROMER'S whip. It is still more cruel that Mr. BLUNT'S eloquent peroration in the bag-and-baggage sense should end “Therefore why delay? WILFRID SCAWEN “BLUNT,” in the very face of the strong, and indeed irresistible, reasons for delay which have just been furnished. It really would seem as if playing the game of the enemies, or at least the ill-willers, of your country entailed some metaphysical disadvantages.

And yet if Mr. BLUNT should be at this moment penning something to prove that recent events have only made England more unpopular than ever, we shall once more be disposed not wholly to disagree with him, though from a point of view the most opposite possible to his, and with the most opposite conclusions. Undoubtedly the KHEDEVE'S late action may in a certain sense have encouraged the mischief-makers in Egypt, and put obstacles in our own way. We shall only have to stay the longer in order to clear away the obstacles, and to make the mischief-makers regret their action. But in the meanwhile we should be glad to think that Lord ROSEBURY and Lord CROMER have made up their minds—and have conveyed or are about to convey to the KHEDEVE some inkling of their resolution—on the very next occasion when he misbehaves himself, to *passer outre* in the most formidable sense of that idiom. In other words, they should let him know that, if he endeavours to be a well-behaved dummy, there is some chance of his one day being a person; but that if he persists in playing the ill-behaved person, he will find himself simply a dummy, and perhaps not even that. His own mouth-piece, the Egyptian newspaper above mentioned, has provoked NEMESIS by asking, “Will the army after to-day recognize any one but the Sirdar militarily and “Lord CROMER politically?” The answer to that question should be “Thou sayest it.”

SIR WILLIAM AND MR. CHAMBERLAIN

IN spite of their mutual recriminations, the pot and the kettle were not, we dare say, indisposed towards each other. They had a recollection of the time when they were colleagues, and neither believed that the other was at bottom as black as he pretended. Something of the same feeling animates, we are inclined to think, the members for Derby and West Birmingham. They treat each other rather roughly; but there is a certain reciprocal liking apparent even

in the way in which they lay hands upon each other—a rude but good-humoured pawing and clawing. It suits Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT to treat Mr. CHAMBERLAIN as an apostate Radical, the convert of duchesses, the prisoner of gilded saloons. It does not suit Mr. CHAMBERLAIN to treat Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT as seriously anything. He is simply the player of a part, not, perhaps, the part which he would have chosen for himself if he had been free to make his selection, but one of which he makes the best. In his speech at Stourbridge, on Monday, Mr. CHAMBERLAIN revived and altered for Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT's benefit the triplet which, except the name of its hero, is all that a forgetful generation knows of the burlesque of *Bombastes Furioso* :—

Whoever dares these Bills displace
Must meet Bombastes face to face,
And thus I challenge all the human race.

For "boots" in the original Mr. CHAMBERLAIN has substituted Bills, in reference to the measures which the House of Lords has taken the liberty of rejecting or amending—the Home Rule Bill, the Employers' Liability Bill, and the Local Government, commonly called the Parish Councils, Bill. Mr. CHAMBERLAIN might have adhered to the original reading of "boots," but for one consideration. Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT has blacked Mr. GLADSTONE'S boots with a zeal not less than that which Mr. WILLIAM O'BRIEN showed in offering to discharge the same function for Lord SPENCER; and it is the displacement of these boots, assiduously polished, which is to be met by the peril of confronting him. There are three boots, however, and as Mr. GLADSTONE, amid the other limitations which prove him to be, after all, a human being, is only a biped, that is one too many. What Home Rule may do, it is impossible to say. It is symbolized apparently by the three legs which figure on the copper coinage of the Home Rule Isle of Man. There may be a meaning in this which the natural sense is too dim to penetrate.

Mr. CHAMBERLAIN'S quotation, it is satisfactory to note, was received with loud laughter. Perhaps some of the amusement it created lay in Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT'S supposed summons to his opponents to meet him face to face. That is a portion of his person which he has never been eager to present to them. When LOUIS XVIII. apologized to the Duke of WELLINGTON for the rudeness of his generals in turning their backs upon him at a Court reception, the Duke is said to have replied, "It is a habit they have acquired, Sir." Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT has got the same habit. His discreet valour shows itself in masterly retreat. No one is bolder in challenges. But when the time comes for meeting them Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT has gone home to dinner, or is lurking among the precincts of the House of Commons. At Derby he was as bold as brass—the boldest, apparently, of all metals. If he did not challenge, like the earlier BOMBASTES, all the human race, he challenged the entire House of Lords; and foamed, and ferred, and ferreted, and firked, with a PISTOL-like audacity. BOB ACRES could not be more valorous at a long distance.

Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT has enounced the proposition that it would be treason to the House of Commons to concede to the House of Lords any right to amend or reject the measures which are sent up to it from the elected, not always the truly representative, Chamber. If so, the whole history of legislation up to the year 1894 is a series of acts of treason committed by statesmen of every party, including Mr. GLADSTONE himself up to the time of his latest apostasy. Scarcely a measure of fundamental importance has become law which has not been the joint work of the two Houses, giving and taking; and to

this fact is due the prominence and stability of English legislation. Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT'S doctrine of treason to the House of Commons practically attributes to it sovereign power, and in so doing involves something like treason to the Crown, as the representative of that constitutional system of which the House of Commons is only a part. If the phrase—which is one of rhetoric rather than of law—may be allowed, it might be urged that treason to the House of Commons was shown in suppressing discussion, and in forcing decisions upon undebated questions, after the fashion of the French Constitution of 1799, in which the Corps Législatif voted without debate among its members, and in secret. It was something worse, for the questions which might not be debated by the Legislative Body were debated before it by selected orators; and secret voting in the House of Commons last year would on some critical occasions have stripped the Government of its majority. It is necessary, in order that there may be some decision, that questions in each Chamber should be decided for that Chamber by a numerical majority, simple or proportional; but to contend that a majority in one House is decisive for the other House and for the whole country, is an absurdity which may pass muster in the Drill Hall at Derby, but which even Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT would scarcely venture to repeat in Parliament. His doctrine really comes to this, that a majority in the House of Commons has a right to overrule the general sense of the country, to which it dare not make appeal; that it is the master and not the servant of the nation. These were consequences which Mr. DISRAELI deduced, nearly half a century ago, from the extravagant pretensions of the elected Chamber. His insight was clear, and, like all true insight, was also foresight; but he was supposed to be a dreamer of fantastic dreams. His argument was a logical, but ignominious, *reductio ad Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT*.

THE FRENCH CHAMBER AND NAVY.

THE moral of last week's scene in the French Chamber is one which most directly interests the Socialists. It is most fortunate for them that the Government of the Third Republic does not really deserve to be described in the terms they habitually employ. If it did, M. THIVRIER would assuredly have suffered something more serious than suspension and loss of salary for daring to justify the crimes of the Commune in the particularly insolent fashion he chose. M. THIVRIER is a most exceptionally insignificant person. He was a workman, and he wears a blouse; and that is all there was to say about M. THIVRIER down to last Saturday. Now we have to add that he has had the impudence to advertise himself by shouting "Vive la Commune!" by way of taunt to a fellow-Deputy whose father was abominably murdered by the scoundrels who were then in possession of Paris. The mere silliness and vulgarity of his conduct do not make his act merely contemptible. His only conceivable motive is despicable enough; but it is a grave sign that the most silly and the worst-bred of mankind should dare to advertise himself in this particular way. M. THIVRIER, too, was actively supported by his party. We do not credit him or his friends with any serious intention of reviving the Commune. They, no doubt, belong to that class of swaggering Frenchmen who repeat the Revolutionary pose largely as a mere tradition. If ridicule could have killed them, they would have been destroyed long ago by their own countrymen. But laughter does not kill in France or elsewhere, while M. CHAUDEY and many others have the most painful reasons for knowing that the folly of the likes

of M. THIVRIER does. Many of the leaders of the Commune were men of his stamp, and it was they who gave the actual murderers of the hostages their opportunity. The toleration which they enjoy is, therefore, capable of being dangerous. Yet they are tolerated, and are so sure of immunity that they have not the least fear of avowing their admiration for acts of violence every whit as odious as the crime of VAILLANT. The Socialists, be it observed, do not pretend that the Commune was innocent of the acts of which M. CHAUDEY accused it. They only said that it was "infamous" to bring the accusation. It is surely not an unfounded supposition that they would repeat the crimes if they had the opportunity. "The standing army of revolution" is, in fact, as silly, as malignant, and apparently as numerous as ever it was.

M. THIVRIER's scandal was only the most conspicuous incident of a debate which was in itself a waste of time. Since the new Chamber began to sit it has suffered from what the French call the abuse of interpellations, and we would name the plague of questions and motions. It has used up what answers to our Session to Easter, and has not only not got to work, but has not got within sight of beginning. The Anarchist outrage, and the necessity for passing Coercion Acts, have accounted for some of the time, but not for all. The greater portion of the Chamber's time has gone in interpellations, in debates on motions to discuss this or the other matter which lends itself to large general debates, and affords openings for fine speeches. It does not appear that there is an actively obstructive party in the Chamber determined to stop all business. In default of this nuisance, which we understand familiarly, there is what is quite as effectual for the wasting of time—a general desire among the Deputies to be talking, and to be listening to talk. M. CLOVIS HUGUES's motion to condemn the Ministry for the domiciliary visits on the Anarchists a month ago was not a particularly bad specimen. The measure was a strong one, and the Chamber might fairly ask for an explanation. What made the debate a waste of time was the undisputed fact that the Chamber did not want an explanation, but was, and is, very well satisfied with the action. The Chamber tolerated the interpellation because it wanted to hear M. CLOVIS HUGUES, who is one of its most popular figures of fun. His long hair, his gestures, his Southern accent, and his japes amuse the Deputies, and they wasted a day in order to enjoy them. M. LOCKROY is not an equally amusing person. Unfriendly critics even go so far as to consider his speeches a bore. Yet he has been allowed to waste, not one, but two, days in a debate on the navy. The state of the naval forces is certainly a subject of sufficient importance to justify the Chamber in discussing it, if there were a real occasion. In this case the debate was superfluous, because the Ministry has already ordered an inquiry. The Chamber would have incurred no fair reproach if it had waited for the report of the Committee. Moreover, this is what in all probability it intended to do from the first. Yet it has spent its time in a discussion which could lead to no result. The Radicals have indeed been allowed to embarrass the Ministry; but that is another way of saying that time has been wasted.

The matter of M. LOCKROY's speech and the answers to it may be regarded by ourselves with some innocent amusement. It would not be wise to make the supposed troubles of our neighbours the subject of our merriment, and for the sufficient, if not lofty, reason that they are by no means so great as M. LOCKROY and those who have inspired him think fit to paint them. His speech and their articles have a comic element to us, because they are curiously accurate echoes of our orations and demonstrations on the same

subject. The names are changed, but the fable is the same. We exaggerate our defects. So do the French. We take their complete efficiency for granted, and they ours. We credit them with the intention of making war like so many Matabele, and draw horrible pictures of Frenchmen massacring the unarmed men, the women, and children of poor little seaport towns. They do us the compliment of supposing that we also shall be foolish and barbarous enough to commit acts which would only provoke reprisals without diminishing our enemies' effective strength in the least. All the French ships are unstable, the guns inferior, the speed bad, the storehouses empty, the men untrained—so says M. LOCKROY. All this is true of ourselves, as many fluent gentlemen are prepared to affirm. If we each believed about our neighbour what we assert about ourselves, how much we might both be at ease. It would be unfair, and would show an insufficient knowledge of human nature, to suppose that the unmeasured talkers on both sides are consciously saying the thing which is not. They are only illustrating the cynical maxim attributed to a late eminent judge—that it is impossible for men who are in earnest to tell the truth.

No doubt M. LOCKROY's long attack on the French Admiralty is not all mere misstatement. It has been sufficiently well known for years past to all who can look beyond the names of lists of ships, that the administration of the French navy is not above reproach. The complicated old system, by which the navy and the colonies were administered by divisions of the same department, has been modified; but it has left traces in the shape of unnecessary complications. The naval officers are satisfied with a change by which they have only lost a few places of dignity for retired admirals; but the *bureaux* have been, and are, sulky over what they consider a diminution of their importance. The organization of these offices is greatly complained of. It is said that they are over-manned and complicated, and that responsibility, when it exists, is too much dovetailed. Moreover there is, and always has been, a feud between the naval officers and civil officials—or, as they were called in the expressive old terms, *L'épée* and *La plume*. An extraordinary instance was given only the other day, when the orders of Admiral RIEUNIER were deliberately disobeyed in the dockyard at Toulon. The publication of the Minister's confidential letters in a newspaper is a convincing proof that something is wrong in the naval administration. They could not have reached M. CLÉMENTEAU's hands without gross misconduct on the part of some official. The Government—not this Ministry, but the whole Republican Government—is responsible for much of the mischief. It has multiplied the number of places in order to satisfy supporters, and has winked at the employment of superfluous men and at waste in the dockyards rather than incur unpopularity. There is, therefore, no improbability in the complaints that France gets less value for its money than the Triple Alliance, that there is a disproportion of show to work in the dockyards, and that there is downright speculation. Storehouses which ought to be full have been found to be empty, and it is very credible that torpedo boats which ought to be fit for sea are not. Neither is it improbable that bad work is done, both in the dockyards and by contractors. It is not very long ago since the plates of one of the French battleships were found to have been fastened with "devils." There is enough in all this to supply a foundation for the outcry of MM. CLÉMENTEAU and LOCKROY, and nothing more is wanted by the alarmist. The fact that he has a foundation to go on may be remembered when next an English newspaper discovers the dockyard at Toulon. The manly and sensible speech of

General MERCIER may have helped to swell the Government majority, but the Chamber could not have voted, as M. LOCKROY asked it to do, that a Parliamentary inquiry was called for unless it meant to upset the Ministry.

THE RUMOUR OF RESIGNATION.

IF Mr. GLADSTONE had himself circulated the rumour of his imminent resignation, for the purpose of giving it a contradiction which does not effectually contradict, he could not have achieved that object more completely than it has been achieved in fact. It is not worth while to inquire how much fire, if any, underlies, or underlay, the particularly dense volumes of smoke which were emitted last Wednesday by the *Pall Mall Gazette*. We can hardly suppose that anybody, with the slightest political judgment, believed in the existence of the specifically designated fire to which the smoke was attributed in the columns of that journal; and, on the other hand, it was only reasonable to assume that the existence of an igneous origin of some kind must have presented itself very convincingly to the propagator of the report. The official contradiction has justified—though, indeed, but barely justified—incrédulity on the former point, while, if anything, it has strengthened the grounds of belief in the latter. Allowance, of course, has to be made for the fact that Mr. GLADSTONE is constitutionally incapable of contradicting even the most absolutely baseless of rumours without using language which seems to imply that, after all, the false may be true—with qualifications. If Wednesday's rumour, for instance, had been to the effect, not that he had "decided to resign," but merely that he had left Biarritz, we quite believe that he would have instructed Sir ALGERNON WEST to say that it was untrue that he had "definitely departed from Biarritz," or that "he had departed at all," but to add at the same time that "for many days past the desire for a change had made departure desirable," and that, accordingly, his stay at Biarritz was "at any moment liable to interruption from this cause"; that in the meantime "the situation remains exactly as it has been"; that he "is ignorant of the course which may be taken" by the weather during the next few days, and that "he has not said or done anything which could in any degree restrain his absolute freedom" to leave Biarritz whenever he chooses. Nor do we deny that this characteristic mode of denying a categorical statement that Mr. GLADSTONE had actually left Biarritz would not in itself indicate that the idea of quitting that agreeable winter resort had ever entered into his contemplation.

Still there might be collateral circumstances creating a probability that it had; and it is quite beyond question that many such circumstances make it probable that the contingency of Mr. GLADSTONE'S abrupt resignation has ere this had to be considered both by himself and his colleagues. That he would voluntarily choose the present moment for taking such a step was, of course, the really incredible element in the contradicted report. It is not, however, incredible, for the reasons which some politicians of short experience or shorter memory seemed disposed to assign. That Mr. GLADSTONE'S retirement at this particular juncture, on anything short of the most imperative compulsion of health or years, would be an act of the grossest disloyalty to his party is, of course, perfectly true; but, unfortunately for Mr. GLADSTONE'S historical reputation, this is not the conclusive reason which it ought to have been for discrediting the report. Once already in the course of his career he has served his unfortunate followers in almost exactly the same way. Just twenty years ago he had got them into an

even worse mess than they are in now—worse in this respect, at any rate, that if the failure of their policy in 1874 was less calamitous than it is seen to be to-day, it had been emphasized then, as it has not yet been now, by a crushing defeat at the polls. This, however, did not prevent Mr. GLADSTONE from retiring temporarily into private life without any more explanation or apology than could be compressed into a few lines of peevish farewell to Lord GRANVILLE, and leaving Lord HARTINGTON to extricate his followers from the Slough of Despond in which their illustrious leader had planted them. In view of this too notorious passage in Mr. GLADSTONE'S career, it would be idle flattery to pretend to think him incapable of a similar betrayal, more particularly at a period of life when a colourable pretext for its commission could be far more easily found.

The real ground of disbelief in the rumour of Mr. GLADSTONE'S immediate resignation was, of course, to be found on another side of his character. If his sense of loyalty cannot quite be trusted to keep him from abandoning his post at this particular stage of the political battle, he has other qualities on which for this purpose we can rely with perfect confidence—we mean, of course, his vanity and vindictiveness. To suppose that he would willingly retire after one overwhelming defeat, and with another of a quite sufficiently serious character to all appearance imminent, would be to misread him altogether. He has seen his "great measure of constructive legislation"—that magnificent feat of Constitution-making which was to enable him to close his career in a blaze of glory—torn to shreds by Unionist criticism in the House of Commons and scattered to the winds by the House of Lords. He is now about to see one of the two popular measures by which he had hoped to redeem his disastrous failure returned to him with amendments which he cannot accept without humiliation, nor reject without incurring the reproach of an almost wholly wasted Session. Is it to be imagined that he would select this moment of all others for closing his career, and, politically speaking, die like the candle instead of like the rocket? The thing is simply unimaginable. If there is anything left in the PRIME MINISTER of the GLADSTONE whom we knew, he will not retire from the council of the QUEEN so long as he has voice enough left to advise HER MAJESTY to dissolve Parliament, and a single particle of remaining strength to stake upon one last desperate throw. That he may be forced by absolute failure of the faculties to retire before he can bring this about, he is, of course, aware; and if he takes the occasion of reminding other people of it, it is not because he needs the reminder himself. He knows it, but he assumes that vital energy, just as any younger man assumes that life itself, will hold out long enough for his purpose. If he has seized upon the present occasion to talk oracularly about the possibility of an enforced retirement, we take it that it is meant not as a reflection designed for self-edification, but as a warning to others. In all probability it is nothing more than a broad hint to the contending factions that they had better moderate their strife lest they drive him, for mere disciplinary purposes, to a step which would at once reduce the whole of them to a common condition of impotence.

JOAN OF ARC.

THE Maid of Orleans has nothing to gain in honours from being canonized. She is canonized already in the hearts of all who love courage, truth, purity, gentleness, and beauty. The ecclesiastical delay to admit her among the ranks which include such a mere pious marvel-monger as ST. JOSEPH of

Cupertino is not easily understood by the lay mind. The recent decision of the POPE enables the slow and expensive process of canonization to move forward by one step, and it is one step in the right direction.

Unless the *Advocatus Diaboli* knows more than is stated in the reports of the hypocrites and false French Pharisees who condemned the Maid, his case is hopeless. The crime of JEANNE was to have had visions of the Saints, and to have heard, as she believed, supernatural voices, which her foes explained as not heavenly, but diabolical. These experiences she did not confess to any Churchman, neither to her curé nor to the Mendicant Friars, till she was examined about them by a collection of doctors in theology, before she set out to relieve Orleans. Nor did she confide them to her parents. It was, therefore, urged that the visions could not be "from a good airt," as the Covenanters phrased it. If not divine, they were devilish, and JEANNE was a witch and heretic. The conduct of ST. FRANCIS, at the beginning of his mission, was not more, but less, filial. JEANNE was afraid that she would be prevented from going to the King if she confessed, and she judged that she must obey GOD rather than man. The behaviour of ST. THERESA when, in obedience to her director, she distrusted her visions, was more correct; but her friends defended JEANNE on the strength of the highest Example. Again, she did not wish to submit her visions, when on trial at Rouen, to "the Church," because the Church there meant the infamous PIERRE CAUCHON, Bishop of Beauvais, and his gang. She was ready to go to the Pope or to the Council of Basel; for there, she heard, were "some of our side." Her so-called abjuration was extorted by threats and by a barefaced swindle; the abjuration which she repeated was "no longer than a Pater noster"; her name was then attached to a long document. The hideous malpractices by which she was compelled to resume male dress that she might be treated as "relapsed" do not bear to be recounted. Such other charges as that she wore male dress—with the approval of the French clergy and on the example of ST. MARTINA, ST. MARGARET, and ST. EUGENIA—or that she had her hair cut short, or that she was in league with fairies in whom she took an interest, only prove the weakness of the accusers. Volumes of sworn depositions from priests and laity and men of the sword demonstrate that JEANNE was pious, orthodox, as pure as her name, *La Pucelle*, as clean as the bloodless sword of ST. CATHERINE which she wore, kind, pitiful, and endowed with as perfect a sense of humour as of honour. We see her sheltering on her breast the head of the wounded English prisoner; holding the seemingly dead child at the font till life returned to it and it was baptized; striving to save GLANSDALE, who had cruelly insulted her; giving up her own bed to weary travellers; checking the profanity of LA HIRE and the Duc d'ALENÇON; bantering her Limousin examiner, SEGUIN, at Poitiers. We never see her other than perfectly noble and purely womanly. One act she repented. When imprisoned in a lofty tower, before she was sold to the English, she conceived the scheme of leaping from the summit. Her voices bade her desist; but there was Compiègne to be rescued, and honour was at stake. She dared the leap, and though she escaped without injury, she was stunned by the shock and recaptured. This act she confessed with penitence, and her Saints, she believed, forgave her.

The "voices" and marvels make part of the mystery of JEANNE. As THOMAS BASIN and Pope PIUS II. wrote in, or shortly after, her own day, they are a subject about which men may believe what they please. That JEANNE herself believed in them absolutely is the one

thing certain. She died for her belief, for she retracted the abjuration wrung from her by months of abominable ill-treatment, as far as she can be said to have abjured at all. The hearing of voices and seeing of visions are, of course, symptoms of madness, or of hysteria. But JEANNE'S actions and counsels were always those of sanity, or, rather, of high military genius. Her health was perfect. She could outlast the hardest; she scarcely needed food; when an arrow pierced her from breast to back at Orleans, she led the last charge, and she was up and on horseback next day, when the English withdrew. There is not much sign of ill-health, mania, or "the vapours," in the Maiden. If she was mad, it was with the same madness as SOCRATES. "Every one," says MICHELET, "saw visions in the fifteenth century." This is rather overstated; one other visionary was sought after; JEANNE sent her back "to her husband and children." Her personal beauty is attested by the Duc d'ALENÇON and by ANDRÉ and GUY LAVAL, who wrote to their mother that "to see and hear she seems a thing all divine."

About her marvels, it is notable that, in the twenty-five years which passed between her trial and her "rehabilitation," myth had added little to them, and that little is easily distinguishable. Her mission was to relieve Orleans, crown the King at Rheims, drive the English out of France, and rescue the Duc d'ORLÉANS. The last two exploits she did not achieve. JEAN GERSON, in probably his last public act, a week after the relief of Orleans, bade the French beware, lest, "by ingratitude and injustice, they defeat the mission of the Maiden." This is exactly what they did. They disobeyed her "counsel" when they retreated from Paris, and that was the end. "I shall only last for a year or little more," she often told CHARLES after the relief of Orleans; "use me while you may." Her prophecy was fulfilled to the letter. The evidence is that of the Duc d'ALENÇON, who heard her. Given twenty-five years later, this testimony may be called an illusion of memory, like his tale of how she saved his life. "Go away from there," she said at the siege of Jargeau, "or you will be shot"; and immediately afterwards the man who took his place was shot dead.

One prediction, by a singular piece of luck, was recorded before the event. On April 12, 1429, a Flemish Ambassador at Chinon wrote to the Government of Brabant that JEANNE had said "quod ipsa ante Aureliam in conflictu telo vulnerabitur, sed inde non morietur"; that she would be wounded by an arrow at Orleans, but would not be slain. This prophecy, according to PASQUEREL, her confessor, she repeated on the night before the attack on Les Tourelles. "Blood will flow from a wound above my breast." Her knowledge of the King's secret prayer may be explained as a fortunate guess; her command to dig for the sword behind the altar of St. Catherine de Fierbois, where it was discovered, was attributed to a Blavatskian trick by her enemies. This explanation is quite out of the question. In any case, JEANNE laid no stress on the sword; she broke it, and got one more serviceable. She said: "I love my banner forty times better than my sword." She did not deal in miracle-mongering. "I came not to Poitiers to work signs; lead me to Orleans, and I shall show you signs enough," she said to the learned doctors. She blushed, says DUNOIS, when obliged to speak of her voices—"would that I might always be as I am when I hear them!"

Even in her own time these experiences were attributed to her habit of fasting, or to the sound of church bells, or the wind in a wood, *in uno nemore*. They are most easily understood as vivid objectified presentations of her own half-conscious thoughts, aroused by "the great pitifulness which was in France." M. SIMÉON LUCE has shown how exposed Domrémy was to incursions

of armed robbers, and how ST. MICHAEL, whom JEANNE believed she had seen, was prominent in the general mind at the moment. These things helped to stimulate her, but without her voices, she said, she would rather have been torn to pieces than go into France. "To fight is not my estate, but to spin beside my poor mother." Writers like M. WALLON, M. QUICHERAT, and M. LUCE give up the old hypotheses of imposture practised on JEANNE, or by JEANNE. Her tale of the angelic vision shown to the King was a mere parable, told to her judges. She assured them that on the King's secret she would not speak, or, if they made her speak, she would not speak the truth. His doubts of his own legitimacy were the matter in question. Her loyalty, throughout her trial, was as admirable as her courage. D'ALENÇON attested her genius for handling large bodies of men, and especially for artillery, "as if she had been a general of thirty years' standing."

Here is the real marvel; this was a girl of seventeen, who led and directed great armies. HOMER tells us how the unarmed ACHILLES, by his mere presence and his cry, drove the Trojans from the dyke. JEANNE, a girl, sorely wounded, stood by the fosse of Les Tourelles, when even DUNOIS despaired. "Charge when my banner touches the wall; the place is yours," she cried; and men of other mettle than the Trojans fled, after a day of victory.

The crime of her burning has scarcely a precedent. It is little comfort that French tools of BEDFORD betrayed and judged her; that the French of her own party sent not a letter, not a lance, to ransom or to rescue the Maiden. Canonized, or not canonized, history has not her parallel.

THE PARISH COUNCIL IN THE LORDS.

THE temptation to begin our observations on the Committee stage of the Parish Councils Bill in the Lords by contrasting Lord KIMBERLEY on "Trust in the people" with Lord SALISBURY on the same subject is too strong to be resisted. Lord KIMBERLEY held that "the people" must be trusted to levy rates which they do not pay, but not to do the work in a public-house. From Lord SALISBURY'S point of view, it appears absurd to allow rates to be imposed by those who will not pay them, but "a mere piece of Puritanical hypocrisy" to take it for granted that, if they can be safely trusted with so much power, it is dangerous to leave them within easy reach of beer. And yet Lord SALISBURY is understood in Gladstonian circles to be peculiarly addicted to sneering at "the people." No doubt that will continue to be the orthodox creed concerning Lord SALISBURY, and yet it does not at once appear to be a self-evident proposition that the people may be trusted with power over the money of others, but not to conduct themselves with common decency. But then it is the nature of the Gladstonian to hold these contradictory beliefs, and that is why he passes such Parish Council Bills as this.

The Lords were not able to reach the more vital parts of the Bill on Thursday night, and consequently the most difficult part of their work is ahead of them when we write. How delicate that is must be obvious to everybody who remembers that they have, not only to do what they think advantageous and avoid what they think mischievous, but to do it in such a way as to be sure of receiving the full support of the Unionist party in the Lower House. Even on Thursday night the Peers had occasion to remember what had happened "in another place," and to reflect on what would happen again. The recollection and the estimate of the future must have combined to influence the vote they came to on a most important matter of principle. The occasion was Lord BALFOUR of Burleigh's amend-

ment to the Second Clause, which is designed to limit the franchise under the Bill to the voters on the Local Government Register—in other words, to those who directly pay rates. This is unquestionably what the Lords would prefer to do, and what everybody who does not wish to see a door opened for every kind of waste in the management of local affairs would wish to see done. But the House of Commons has agreed that the Parish Councillors shall be elected by those who hold the Parliamentary franchise. It was on this amendment that Lord KIMBERLEY made his pronouncement on the necessity of trusting the people—a formula which covers a great deal not very decent to speak of, but very necessary to be remembered by members of the Lower House. Therefore Lord BALFOUR of Burleigh's amendment is likely to be but indifferently acceptable in the Commons, and that no doubt accounts for the, in the circumstances, very modest majority by which it was carried. We are afraid that it will have to be considered as the expression of a pious wish, and that its chief practical merit will be to give the Lords something to withdraw in the expected free conference with the Commons House.

Lord WINCHILSEA'S amendment may probably be promised a better fate. It is at least difficult to see why every parish, however small, should be compelled to elect a Council, whether it wants one or not. In some cases the election would be an absurdity. The action of the Ministry as regards this amendment will probably be dictated by the estimate they form at the time of the chance of blowing up a real quarrel with the Lords. As much may be said of Lord SELBORNE'S amendment which limits the use of school buildings by the Parish Council to parish purposes. Intrinsically nothing could be more reasonable than that these buildings, which were raised by private subscriptions, and are still largely supported by private aid, should not be handed over to a local majority for general political purposes. But here again Lord KIMBERLEY hinted something of trust in the people, and Ministers will doubtless be as ready to sacrifice the subscribers' school as the ratepayers' purse if that course appears likely to put a little life into that distressingly anæmic agitation against the Lords.

SIR GERALD PORTAL.

ON Tuesday last the body of Gerald Portal was buried in the little Hampshire village of Laverstoke, the home where he was born and bred for the work he so nobly fulfilled. Those who watched his brilliant career had hoped for many years of such admirable service to his country; but, as regards the work on which he had been last engaged, he had finished it, and had but just tendered his account in the full Report not yet made public, when the malarial fever from which he had suffered in Africa returned upon him; and, although he died in London, yet he died as truly on service from the effects of his work as if he had died in Eastern Africa. It will be remembered that he escaped by the skin of his teeth on his Abyssinian mission in 1887, when almost alone he travelled for weeks under a burning sun, and all but perished of thirst and exposure. Again, he had a narrow escape of sharing his brother's fate in May 1893; for the long marches on foot, chest-deep in bogs infested by leeches, were as severe a strain as any constitution could stand; and the necessity for ceaseless self-control, decision, foresight, judgment, and tact, in circumstances of great physical disadvantage, means a man spending himself without reserve, body and brains, on the work he has to do.

Having so spent himself, Sir Gerald Portal succumbed to repeated attacks of fever, in his thirty-sixth year. Readers of the *Saturday Review* are well acquainted with his services, the histories of which will take their place among the annals of the great African question. It is enough to-day to record that, in addition to his successful Abyssinian mission, he will always be remembered as the Englishman who remade Zanzibar; who, by his firmness

and unflinching courtesy and tact, prevailed upon the Sultan to stop the slave-trade there; who set on foot means of communication throughout Uganda, planted the British flag in Kampala, and brought peace and security, pending the final decision of the British Government; and who never by word or deed sullied the honour of the name he bore, nor of the Queen and country he represented. By a rare combination of imaginative insight into the Oriental character, with a clear and wise judgment and a strong will, he accomplished in a short time what might otherwise have cost years and much loss of life. What America was to the Old World in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries Africa is to Europe now. The land of adventure and romance, of enterprise and speculation, of blighted hopes and lost lives, of heroic deeds and noble self-sacrifice. We are only on the threshold of the African question, and we are in some measure watching the making of history, both as regards the great continent and as regards its effect upon ourselves and other European countries. On this making of history depend the future chronicles of our country, and, however much opinions may differ as to questions of policy, as to Egyptian occupation, the protection of Uganda, and British control in Eastern and Central Africa, there can be no difference of opinion or of feeling in the hearts and minds of Her Majesty's subjects as they recall to mind the names of the men, more or less known, whether soldiers, sailors, or civilians, who have made the honour of our African history so far. And we feel, as we write, that such brothers as Raymond and Gerald Portal are not unworthy to take their place in this company—Sir Gerald Portal, the civilian and younger brother in command; Captain Raymond Portal, the soldier and elder brother, voluntarily serving under his junior. They had not been so much together since leaving Eton as during the last five months of Captain Portal's life, the most important months in Sir Gerald's career, and in which his brother's companionship, support, and remarkable talent for languages were of the utmost value. Raymond died of fever in Eastern Africa, May 27, 1893; Gerald died of fever in London, January 25, 1894.

THE DOMESTICS.

ONE of the morning papers has opened its columns to those who periodically bewail the lost tribe of good servants. The admission of failure betrays at once a lack of the quality known as "proper pride," for the peevish Hausfrau who complains always conveys the idea that no self-respecting servant would stay with her. The story is invariably the same. Servants give notice after a very short term of service, are always demanding too much meat and beer, are perfunctory in their work, desiring too many holidays and followers. The same old complaints without variation—though we have noticed one cheerful exception; the mistress, returning unexpectedly, discovered a performer at the piano and a music-hall song in full progress; instead of endearing herself to the orchestra by joining in, she swept the whole lot away, replacing them by Swiss, Germans, and French, and the last state of that house must distinctly have been worse than the first. We admit, at the outset, that a large proportion of servants both in small and large households are trying. They are not usually highly educated or very intellectual; they naturally ape a good deal of what they see at such close quarters, and a good few of them are drunken and disreputable. But a remnant remains, and the question is, what do we ask of them and what do we give in return? With those who live under our own roof, be it children or be it servants, it is truly measure for measure. We are always sighing over the merits of the old servant who is not to be found in these degenerate days; but the question is, Do we provide the condition of things which made the old servant?

In large households in the olden time servants held something of the position of retainers; they formed part of the household in days when households did not spend six weeks in one place, and two months in another, or possibly six months abroad. They were as much a part of the establishment as the children; they came under the ideal of retainers, and the masters had a pride in retaining them. A wiser generation has broken down these ties; all men are equal, and with progressive ideas much sentiment has passed

away. It is useless to bemoan the old order; let us look rather at the changes which have come into the new. That change is quite as much in the masters as in the servants. They expect a higher and more elaborate class of service to correspond with the increased luxury of life; they know that, given good wages, the most intelligent service in the market is at their command, and they have less interest in the training of a household than in the days when they were replenished by generations of the same families living on their estates, and who looked "to the hand of their master" as the end-all and be-all of their lives. And on the servants' side, with the loosening of feudal and landed interests, has undoubtedly come a restlessness, a dislike of prolonged service in one place, a desire for "change" (which after all is not confined to the servant), a greater value is put on the amount of wage received, and a proportionate indifference is felt to the home-like comforts of the establishment and the interests of the masters. Of course there are exceptions to all this; households who retain their servants, and servants who grow old in the service of masters. But we write of the general rule; and it is a regrettable part of the haste and preoccupation of modern days that too often the householders think less of the comfort and moral well-being of the life below stairs than they do of the condition of the East End or of the villages on their estate. As a class, the character of the liveried man servant does not stand high. He is highly fed, under-worked, has every temptation to get into drinking habits, and is too often an inveterate gambler. In country places he is occasionally encouraged to play outdoor games, but very little is done to amuse and employ him indoors. It is not often that the employers trouble themselves to ascertain the circumstances of the individual lives of their servants, and, having ascertained them, to show a sympathetic recollection of their family ties. Too often it is thought that to provide them with a sitting-room and a few books is to have sufficiently arranged for their many idle minutes. The average footman is no reader; his hands are too often in mischief through sheer idleness. And the householders who realize this would do well if, instead of starting "Arts and Crafts" among the village lads in their neighbourhood, they were to have such classes in the winter nights for the edification of their men and maidens. Of all classes the domestic servant enjoys dancing, and there is no healthier outlet for the energies than in allowing and arranging for an hour or two spent in this way during the weeks when there is little "company" and less work. Among servants there is no commoner complaint than that the house is dull, and the householder grumbles that servants are so ridiculous as to give this as a reason for leaving a good situation. In this matter why should the servant differ from the master, of whose hunt after amusement and excitement he is necessarily a silent and observant spectator? It is an age intolerant of being bored, and it is unreasonable to say that that intolerance should or must be confined to the leisured classes. There are heads of households who take a pessimistic view of their servants, who believe they are necessarily bad, who wait with stupid expectation for the "row" or the "scandal," who dismiss "the set" wholesale, and start afresh, learning no lesson from the traits of human nature revealed, and only insisting on more rigid and formal rules, which they believe tend to improve morals. They increase the burdens, and cut off the relaxations; and these are the households where the most scandalous lives are lived, and richly deserved is the punishment of worry and trouble which falls on the householder whose scepticism, narrowness, and laziness have brought about the catastrophe.

Hitherto we have dealt in the main with the faults of large households. But the complaints come from the small middle-class houses, and what a history of unsympathetic treatment is revealed! The complaint is that servants coming from the poorest homes desire and demand meat at all their meals. Where they come from has little to do with the condition of their life as servants. In the cottage they have not the physical exercise which is involved in cleaning even a moderate-sized house. At home they do not desire meat, because they either do not see it or they realize it is out of their reach. In service, being human, they desire what they see others enjoying. The desire for amusement and relaxation is with us all. Why should the domestic servant alone be content to toil day after day without afternoons and days with their own friends? One half the world is always shrieking that every woman must,

and ought to, look to marriage as her destiny. What does the average employer do to encourage the respectable "follower"—to see that fit and safe opportunities are made for the meeting of those who are keeping company? As a rule, if the inquiry is made, "Are you engaged?" it is only as an introduction to the remark that the young man is not to hang about.

We do not say that a little more cultivation of fellow-feeling and philanthropic endeavour will always meet with success, and will never end in disappointment; but we do say that without them there must be always such sordid complaints as bore us from time to time in the press. Even in this dark age, scattered fairly plentifully through the land are to be found those beings whose years of service can be numbered by the score; never-dying pensioners, half-friends, half-tyrants, loved yet feared, like everything else by no means unmixed blessings, yet stamping the households they dwell among with the seal of respectability and worth. Many a life has had its earliest memories awakened by the beautiful dedicatory lines which Mr. Stevenson wrote to his nurse, lines which those who have experienced kindred love know are without exaggeration, and who echo back the benediction which breathes through them:—

For the long nights you lay awake
And watched for my unworthy sake;
For your most comfortable hand
That led me through the uneven land.

My second mother, my first wife,
The angel of my infant life,
From the sick child, now well and old,
Take, nurse, the little book you hold!

MONEY MATTERS.

FOR the past couple of weeks a decidedly better feeling has been growing up on the Stock Exchange. At the end of last week it looked, indeed, as if the speculators were inclined to go too far. Happily, early this week there was some check. There is no question at all that there are in many directions signs of an improvement in trade; and those signs are likely to multiply as time goes on. We have led our readers to expect such an improvement ever since the coal strike came to an end, and we think that the signs now point to a decided recovery. In the City itself, too, the public is beginning to recognize that the long liquidation which followed the Baring collapse is practically at an end. The Trust crisis has still to be completed, it is true, but that is not likely to lead to any very grave consequences. Nearly everything that is likely to occur can now be foreseen by the well-informed. Furthermore, the worst of the crisis both in the United States and in Australia is over. There are only two things now remaining to trouble the Stock Exchange—one is the currency troubles in India, and the other the political condition of the Continent. Everywhere else one looks one sees that the crisis has practically reached the worst stage, and that now what we have to look for is an early recovery. Perhaps the revival of speculation on the Stock Exchange has been greatly aided by some consequences of the exceedingly bad dividend announcement by the Manchester, Sheffield, and Lincolnshire Railway Company. Ever since the strike it was known that the railway dividends would be bad; but no one anticipated anything so bad as was shown by the Sheffield dividend and report. When the dividend was announced there is no doubt at all that speculators sold Home Railway stocks in a reckless way. They jumped to the conclusion that other dividends would be equally bad, that the public would grow alarmed, and that investors would sell their stocks. As we showed last week, however, the railway dividends since announced are by no means so bad; some of them, indeed, are much better than the Stock Exchange ventured to hope for. At the same time, the weekly traffic returns have shown gratifying increases, and, as already said, there are signs of trade improvement, especially in the iron and steel industries. When the speculators found that investors had not sold, that the railways were doing better than they had ventured to expect, and that there was a prospect of improvement in trade, they became frightened, and as soon as they began to buy back prices were rushed up rather extravagantly. Of course, there is nothing to justify a great speculation for the rise. We hope and

believe that the current half-year will be much better for the railway Companies than last half-year, and that 1894, taken altogether, will be much more prosperous than 1893. But, for all that, there is no ground for a speculation for the rise. The opportunity is favourable for investment, but certainly not for much speculation. However the speculators thought differently, especially as they concluded that those who had sold Home Railway stocks without possessing them would be compelled to buy from them on their own terms. The rise in Home Railway stocks not unnaturally gave encouragement to other departments. Even the American market has risen considerably of late. There is less ground for a speculation in American than in Home Railway stocks; but there seems to be reason to believe, all the same, that the worst of the crisis in the United States is over, and that some slight recovery is beginning. Certainly the railway traffic returns are better than they were, and the reports from the principal industrial centres are more encouraging. It is never to be forgotten, however, that while the Tariff debate lasts there is likely to be uncertainty and uneasiness. If the Tariff Bill is thrown out in the Senate—and many good American observers predict that it will be—either the same Bill or another, not differing greatly from it, will have to be introduced next Session. The Democratic majority was elected for the very purpose of reforming the tariff, and must do its utmost to carry out its pledges. Therefore, it is at least possible that the present uncertainty as regards Customs duties may continue for the next twelve months, and if it does, it is hardly possible that there can be much activity in trade. That there will be a better state of things than there has been for the last six months is reasonably certain, for the crisis is now over, and the crisis almost paralysed every kind of business. But that there will be activity or such an increase in profits as would give even a pretext for speculation is not to be looked for. It is to be hoped, then, that speculators will not run away with the idea that, because the crisis is practically at an end, we are suddenly to have booming times. So far as the investor is concerned, what he should bear in mind is that the distrust is now practically at an end, that the period of recuperation has set in, that by-and-bye prices will be higher than they are, and business much more active. Therefore, the opportunity for investing with real advantage is still with him. But he should be careful how he selects the stocks that he buys.

On Thursday the Directors of the Bank of England put down their rate of discount from 3 per cent. to $2\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. There had been much speculation previously as to whether this would be done. On the one side it was argued that from now until the middle of March the Bank, because of the large revenue collections, will have control of the market, and that it ought not to use its position as the Government banker to mulct other bankers and trade. Against this it was contended that the Bank, having for a little while control of the market, ought to use the opportunity to attract gold. The matter is really of very little importance, except to the Bank itself and to the joint-stock banks. While the revenue collections are going on—that is, for about six or seven weeks—money will be comparatively dear and scarce; but immediately after that it will become abundant and cheap, and the discount rate will have to go down. In any case trade would not suffer whether the Bank of England charged $2\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. or 3 per cent.; the latter rate is really not an excessive one. At the same time it is desirable, of course, to give every facility to trade at the present time. The long crisis is practically at an end. There are signs of improvement in various directions; and the Directors of the Bank, if they feel that they can do so safely, are undoubtedly right in doing what they can to help business.

The India Council was more fortunate on Wednesday than it has been for a long time past. It offered, as usual, 50 lakhs of rupees in bills and telegraphic transfers, and it sold 40 lakhs at about 1s. $2\frac{3}{4}$ d. per rupee. Its success even yet is not very marked, but it is satisfactory that it has been able to sell at all. Even now, though we have entered upon the month of February, the exports from India are smaller than anyone anticipated. The rice exports from Burmah, for example, have not yet begun, and the cotton exports from Bombay are not as large as from the magnitude of the crop was expected. The returns of the foreign trade for the eight months ended with November are decidedly un-

satisfactory. They show a great falling-off in the exports during the five months in which the mints were closed—a falling-off of nearly 3 per cent.—while they show a still larger increase in the imports, and an extraordinary increase in the imports of treasure. It is to be doubted, therefore, whether the Council will be able to sell anything like what it requires to sell to meet its engagements. It has obtained up to the present by the sale of its drafts not very much more than $6\frac{1}{2}$ millions sterling, and it has borrowed $7\frac{1}{2}$ millions sterling. It requires, therefore, nearly 5 millions sterling still, if it is to pay as much as was estimated in the Budget; and at present it looks improbable that it will be able to sell drafts to such an amount in two months. The Council was very successful also on Tuesday in disposing of its new six-months bills for $2\frac{1}{2}$ millions sterling. The applications amounted to very nearly 8 millions sterling, and the average discount rate was $2\frac{3}{4}$ per cent.

The stock markets have been affected during the week by the illness of the Czar, the reported resignation of Mr. Gladstone, the intervention of the American Admiral at Rio, and the contradictory rumours respecting the United States bond issue. Upon the whole, however, prices have been fairly good. The Fortnightly Settlement on the Stock Exchange began on Monday morning, and at first there was disappointment, as the indications were that the recent rise in Home Railway stocks and American Railroad securities was chiefly due to speculation. On Wednesday, however, opinion changed. There is no doubt that there had been a good deal of speculation, for the demand for loans was so active that the Bank of England was able to do a considerable business. But at the same time it was established that investment had been on a considerable scale. The amount of stock actually paid for by small investors was larger than had been known for a considerable time past. All over the country there are indications of an improvement in trade. The indications are clearest and most marked in the West of Scotland and the North-West of England, especially in the iron and steel trades, and to a large extent are due to the shipbuilding programme of the Government, and to the fact that the stocks of pig-iron are exceptionally small. But there are signs of recovery in other departments, and predictions are becoming general that before long we shall see a general rise of prices. The traffic returns of the railway Companies are still very favourable. All this naturally has a powerful influence upon the Stock Exchange, where opinion is rapidly changing. The gloom that has so long prevailed is being dispelled, and a more hopeful feeling is taking its place. In the United States, likewise, there are signs of revival. Trade is not likely to become good while the Tariff Debate lasts, but for all that there will be some recovery; and the failure of the attempts to defeat the bond issue has made a good impression. Mr. Carlisle has been firm, the bankers have given way, the Senate has refused to condemn the action of the Secretary of the Treasury, and it is now clear that the issue will be a great success. There appears no doubt, likewise, that the French Conversion will be a marked success. Immediately, it has led to a fall in Rentes, but after a while the buying of other securities by those holders of Rentes who are dissatisfied with the Conversion will tell upon the market.

Owing to the difficulties of the India Council in selling its bills, Rupee-paper continues to fall. It closed on Thursday at $60\frac{3}{8}$, a fall compared with the preceding Thursday of $1\frac{1}{2}$. On the other hand, although there has been a check given to the speculation in Home Railway stocks, they are all very much higher than they were a week ago. London and North-Western closed on Thursday at $168\frac{3}{4}$, a rise compared with the preceding Thursday of $1\frac{3}{4}$; South-Western closed at 188, a rise of 2; Midland closed at 152, a rise of $2\frac{1}{2}$; Great Northern Ordinary Preferred closed at 113, also a rise of $2\frac{1}{2}$. In this special instance the improvement was in part due to a better dividend than had been anticipated. North-Eastern closed at $163\frac{1}{4}$, a rise of $2\frac{3}{8}$; Caledonian Undivided closed at 120, a rise of $2\frac{3}{8}$; and Great Western closed at 161, a rise of as much as $3\frac{1}{2}$. In the American market the movements have not been particularly important. Union Pacific shares closed on Thursday at 19, a fall compared with the preceding Thursday of $1\frac{1}{2}$; and Milwaukee shares closed at $60\frac{3}{8}$, a fall of 1. But Louisville and Nashville closed at $47\frac{3}{8}$, a rise of $1\frac{1}{2}$. Illinois Central closed at 96, a rise of 1, and New York Central

closed at 104, also a rise of 1. In the Argentine market there has been very little change. Central Argentine stock closed on Thursday at 62, a rise compared with the preceding Thursday of 1; while Buenos Ayres Great Southern closed at 101-3, a fall of 3. In the inter-Bourse market there has likewise been very little change. Greek bonds of 1881 closed at $31\frac{1}{2}$, a rise of $\frac{1}{2}$; while Hungarian Fours closed at $93\frac{1}{4}$, a fall of $\frac{1}{4}$.

HERALDIC ANOMALIES.

IT was seventy years ago that the Rev. Edward Nares, D.D., of Merton College, and Regius Professor of Modern History in the University of Oxford, published two little volumes entitled *Heraldic Anomalies*. In his time the Heralds' College was not of much account among heralds, and some of his sources of supply of anomalies were thus cut off. Those were the glorious days when Nelson had received a little panorama of his principal sea-fights for a coat-of-arms, with "the chelenk," or plume of triumph, for a crest; those were the same days when the head of the College knew so much about precedence that he wanted to put the Lord Mayor of London at the end of the procession at Nelson's funeral, instead of next the Prince Regent, at the head; in short, those were the days when the old heraldic traditions were carried on by Horace Walpole, by Thomas Gray, by Professor Nares, and others to whom the Heralds' College was a perpetual laughing-stock. What the Heralds' College is now we have little chance of guessing. But no one who remembers the old days would think either of consulting it or of accepting its views and opinions on a question relating to coat armour. It may be better than it used to be, it may be just the same, or it may be worse.

The *Saturday Review* (January 13, 1894), in noticing some of the peerage books of the year, mentioned one with special commendation, but remarked on the omission of Viscount Hampden's arms, because they are "not yet granted at the Heralds' College." If we look up the place (p. 362), we find that Lord Hampden has no shield of arms, yet has a wolf and a bull to support it. Here would be a charming anomaly for Dr. Nares. A pair of supporters, and nothing to support! But our correspondent, the Editor of "Debrett," points out to us in most courteous terms that this is the College's Heraldry; and certainly we must confess that he is not to blame for sticking to an authority which is regarded as a Court of Appeal.

The College has, it seems, some new and strange usage regarding the surnames of ladies who are peeresses in their own right. According to the College, they may neither bear their husband's name nor his arms. In this particular we venture to think the heraldic anomaly is greater even than the College would be prepared to accord. Another difference of opinion also occurred on the publication of our article. We remarked that Lord Cromartie "has neither crest nor motto," and we added, "His arms are those of Macleod and Mackenzie, while his surnames are given as Sutherland Leveson Gower." There can be no answer or denial to this statement of fact. It was the same in 1893, and virtually so before 1888, the year of the death of the Duchess, whose earldom went to her second son, just deceased. But, having conceded so much, our correspondent brings forward something which seems to us questionable. The earldom, we are informed (p. 213), was granted with remainder to the late earl, "and the earl's heirs male of his body." But this statement is modified in a preliminary list of "Occurrences during Printing." Here Lord Cromartie's death is announced, and we are informed that the earldom has fallen into abeyance between his two daughters. The difficulty is, of course, that, whereas at p. 213 we are told that the title "is limited to heirs male of his body," at p. v. and p. vii. we are told of this abeyance. We have no concern here with the original patent. It may be seen by any one who cares to ask for it in the proper quarter, and may be found to agree with neither of the statements here put forward. Our concern is only with the two contradictory views offered. How can a modern earldom of the United Kingdom fall into abeyance, like an English barony, by writ? Why is it not extinct? and, if not, why does it not go to the late earl's heir, his eldest daughter? As to this we are puzzled.

So much for the criticisms in our article of the 13th of

January, and for the courteous reply of the Editor of "Debrett." It is almost or quite impossible that in a volume of this size and scope some anomalies should not be visible. It is rather because the book is so good than for any other reason that we took the trouble to find here and there a fault.

DEFAULTING TRUSTEES.

THERE is no need to dwell upon the evil which has been wrought in the world by defaulting trustees. Most of us have seen proof of it with our own eyes; for there are few among us who cannot point to some friend or relation who has been ruined, or nearly so, by misappropriation of trust funds. The existence of the evil and its gravity may, therefore, be taken for granted. This is one of the many social questions which we may hope to see dealt with by the wisdom of Parliament, some day, when the whole of its time ceases to be absorbed in attempts to transfer the Newcastle Programme to the Statute-book and subordinate the English elector to the Irish agitator. Several measures have been proposed to mitigate the evils brought about by fraudulent trustees. The result as yet has not proved satisfactory, and the tendency of those measures seems to indicate that, if a little more light could be thrown upon the fundamental causes of the evil, it might, perhaps, lead to the discovery of a more scientific remedy than any which has yet been suggested. It is easy to say that the cause of the misappropriation of trust-money is the dishonesty of trustees. That is truth, no doubt; but is it the whole truth? Or is there not some deeper cause which, if we only knew of it, might suggest a way of preventing the continuance of these frauds? We are disposed to think that there is; and that it is of such a kind that, so long as we fail to recognize it, our suggested remedies will be mere gropings in the dark for a way of escape.

A trustee is generally looked upon by those on whose behalf he administers a trust as a person above temptation, or, at any rate, he is treated as such. The reason of this is to be found in certain common traits of human nature, and here, if we mistake not, lies a fundamental cause of all the trouble. *Cestui que trusts* are generally widows and young people, and when the trust created for their benefit passes into the hands of a sole trustee or sole executor (and such are the cases most fruitful of disaster) it becomes extremely difficult for them to inquire into the administration of the trust. They feel that, if they go to their trustee and ask to see proof of the proper investment of their money, it is tantamount to telling him that they doubt his honesty. To manifest this doubt is so painful to them, and it is so much easier to trust him and do nothing than to inquire periodically into his acts, that they rarely, if ever, seek proof of the proper administration of the trust. He was selected because he was an upright man; and what right have they to show distrust of one who has taken so much trouble on their behalf? If he is, in fact, an upright man, no harm comes; but if he is only "indifferent honest," he finds himself exposed to a powerful temptation, which takes its strength from the very fact that those whose money he holds in trust refrain from ever inquiring into his acts as trustee. Who shall say how many a weak man who would have acted honestly so long as he knew he was watched has drifted under pressure into fraudulent misappropriation of trust funds when he found himself unwatched and free to misappropriate? We may blame the *cestui que trusts* for their weakness in not looking after their own interests, but before we go on to add that they are justly punished for their own fault if things go wrong, we should remember that they are generally inexperienced in business matters, and have always been taught to feel gratitude and confidence towards their trustee; and that their inherent repugnance against manifesting distrust of him is the natural consequence of the position in which they have been placed by the act of another. This is mere sentiment no doubt, but it is so universal in the circumstances and so powerful to control the actions of the persons affected that it cannot be wisely disregarded.

If we are right in assuming that the sentiment we have described lies at the root of the evil, a possible remedy suggests itself as at least worthy of consideration. We are well aware of the difficulties which surround this subject, and in detailing a proposal which has been brought

to our notice, we merely desire to put on record a plan which seems to merit some consideration, partly because it does not involve that interference with individual freedom of action which is inseparable from any effective proposal for the establishment of a State Trustee Department, possessing probably some cast-iron system of its own ill adapted to the multitudinous requirements of private trusts. We give the plan, therefore, not necessarily as advocating it, but merely for the reason we have indicated.

If some method could be devised for enabling persons interested in trust-moneys to ascertain, without applying to their trustee, where their money was invested, and when the investments were changed, two good results would follow. The trustee would know that he could not deal with the trust-moneys without the fact being known to those interested; and those interested would be able to look after their interests without manifesting distrust of their trustee. To accomplish this, it has been suggested that there should be a Trust Investment Registration Department, the main purpose of which should be to enable those directly interested in trust-moneys to obtain accurate information as to all investments of their money, but which should supply such information to those only who had a *bond fide* interest in a trust, and should treat the transaction as confidential. To this end it would be necessary to enact that, within prescribed limits, all trust investments should be registered, and, further, that no sale of trust securities should be legally complete or binding, as against *cestui que trusts*, until the instrument embodying the transfer had been sealed with the seal of the Registration Department. The effect of this would be to establish an official record of all trusts, and to insure the record being kept up to date. Any person, upon presenting a declaration showing beneficial interest in a particular trust, or a solicitor representing such a person, would be permitted to inspect the record of the trust investments. For a further fee, moreover, the name and address of the interested party would be recorded, and, on any sale of stock or other security by the trustee or trustees being registered, a notification of the fact would be posted to the party interested. No information would be given of any search of the record having been made by an interested party. If it were deemed advisable, this system of registration and confidential search could be applied, subject to specified exemptions, to money entrusted to a solicitor for investment on behalf of his client.

Such is the proposal to which we call attention. There is nothing original about it. Registration has been made compulsory already in the case of bills of sale and deeds of arrangement, and for the same purpose—namely, to bring within reach of persons interested such information as may enable them to protect themselves against loss, and which it is difficult for them to obtain otherwise. The principal objection to the proposal to extend compulsory registration to trust investments would appear to be that it would impose an additional duty upon trustees; and in considering such a proposal this drawback would have to be weighed against the suffering which is caused by the misappropriation of trust funds by dishonest trustees acting in secret, and the benefit which would accrue from putting such persons under a sense of continual supervision by placing in the hands of those whose money they control the power always to watch them without their knowledge, and protect themselves at the first moment of danger.

OLD MASTERS AT THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

(Second Notice.)

THE art of the Netherlands is well represented at the Royal Academy. The Second Gallery contains fifty cabinet specimens, of which few are without merit and several are positively admirable. Of the predecessors of Rembrandt, Mierevelt contributes a somewhat stiff portrait of a "Man" in a ruff (92), and Ravestein the head of "Jan van Wevelinckhoven" (65). To Rembrandt himself are attributed three small examples, of which "Herdsmen resting at Night" (91), lent by the National Gallery of Ireland, is the most characteristic; this panel is dated 1647. Lord Amherst lends two pleasing, but not very striking, male portraits (81, 86), by Frans Hals. Passing round the Gallery we stop in front of a highly finished Mieris, "The Pedlar" (49), before reaching a remarkable costume-piece by a rare master, Jan Ochterveldt (or, more

usually, Uchterveld), called "A Singing Practice"—this is curiously vivid and fresh. The "Guard-Room" (52) of Teniers, with its formidable figure in full armour, is a capital example. The Royal Academy is particularly rich this year in Cuyps. Mr. Wertheimer's landscape (56), painted when the master had the yellow lens well fixed in his eye, is noticeable for the extremely beautiful curve suggested by the procession of horsemen arriving from the bridge; Mr. Ward's (68) is almost richer still, in its translucent glow of sunset.

The genuine pictures of Van der Meer of Delft are so rare that we pause with special interest before the "Lady at a Spinnet" (93); the blue dress is charmingly introduced. It is natural to turn to the great contemporary of Van der Meer, Pieter de Hooch, and we find here a sumptuous "Interior" (78), worthy of unlimited praise, and a conversation-piece in a "Garden" (80), which is not quite so good, the accessories being so highly finished that they interfere with the solidity of the figures. The Queen lends her well-known and admirable "The Violin" (84), by Jan Steen, from Buckingham Palace, and the Corporation of Glasgow a grosser and less finished "Dutch Family Merry-making" (87), from the same coarse hand. Pieter Codde, a forerunner of Wouverman, whose works are seldom seen in this country, is named as the author of a very odd and, it must be added, very ugly "Interior" (97), which is one of the curiosities of Gallery II. One of the most delightful Dutch landscapes seen for a long time is Ruysdael's "Katwijk" (73), a little town among the sandhills, with a huge church-tower silhouetted against a dark, rough sea. Mr. Ionides lends one of the accomplished, simple, and graceful landscapes of Jan van Goyen (75). But we have kept to the last what is, in our opinion, the most enchanting of the Dutch pictures in the Exhibition, the "Bathsheba and King David" (66) of a disciple of Rembrandt, Aart de Gelder. In this pathetic composition the dying King lies in a State bed, propped up by vast pillows, and suffused with warm candle-light; while Bathsheba, gorgeously dressed, sits out in the shadow, and evades the King's anxious eyes. The arrangement of illumination is artificial, but very striking, and the colour is exquisite.

Curiosity is always eager to find out the examples of Reynolds and Gainsborough scattered through the winter exhibitions. This year eleven canvases bear the name of the former master and nine that of the latter. The Reynoldses in the First Gallery are five in number, of which the most splendid appears to us to be Sir Charles Tennant's "Boy with Bunch of Grapes" (24), a picture which is in perfect condition, and highly characteristic of the master. The flesh-tints are finely set off by the voluminous drapery of gold (the Catalogue erroneously says "red") and white. Of the six Reynoldses in the Large Gallery several are famous, and have been frequently seen before. The "Sir Jeffery Amherst" (127), painted in 1765, is oddly composed, but demands respect for its powerful head in profile, with light in the flat grey eye. The full-length of "Mrs. Jelf Powys and her Daughter" (128) is noble in its draperies, but the flesh somewhat hard and artificial. "Lady Sunderlin" (134) is a good average specimen of the pictures Reynolds produced towards the close of his life, conscientious and even masterly, but no longer inspired. This lady's pretty face looks strangely modern under her mountain of powdered hair.

We confess that the Gainsboroughs, perhaps as being more uncommon, interest us more. Four are in the First Room, and among these the brilliant figure of "A Page" (31) must rank highest. The blue costume of this boy, the high lights put in with splashes of transparent yellow, is a triumph of easy, and even thin, but wholly successful brush-work. The nameless figure of "A Lady" (22), in a blue dress, seems narrow-shouldered. An agreeable landscape (5) by Gainsborough, a country lane, is in this room. The "Portrait of the Hon. Mrs. Thicknesse" (101), surrounded by musical instruments, is of unusual interest biographically, but not a very agreeable example. Another portrait of a musician is the "C. F. Abel" (104), with that amiable Pomeranian dog introduced who sat to Reynolds as well as to Gainsborough. The rising fashion for the work of Cotes will not be encouraged by Lord Burton's full-length of "Master Smith" (38), which is skilful, but exhibits just that lack of passion which forbade this learned painter ever to take a place by the side of his two immortal contemporaries. While we speak of the early English masters, we must draw attention to a neat and formal conversation-piece by

Hogarth, "The Wedding of Mr. Beekingham" (98), which is exactly like a page out of an old, prim novel; and to several Richard Wilsons of various importance, Sir James Linton's "Bay of Naples" (46) being the most poetical, and "The Convent; Twilight" (30), lent by the Corporation of Glasgow, the most curious and unusual, of these.

The more recent English schools are vaguely represented in the First Gallery, and we are left to smile at the anarchy which has so long reigned, and still continues to reign, in our national painting. We doubt the wisdom of bringing these miscellaneous English canvases together. What is gained by turning from Hilton to Frederick Walker, or from Pettie to David Cox? However, among these various works we find the sumptuous "Plough" (8) and the pathetic "Wayfarers" (44) of Walker—pictures which can never be seen too often—and a very slight idyllic sketch of Mason, called "Young Anglers" (47). A large Phillip, greatly admired in its day, "The Early Career of Murillo" (11), here looks cold and hard, with a sheen on all the surfaces, like that on tight silk. By the unfortunate George Paul Chalmers, who was murdered in 1878, is exhibited a gloomy "End of the Harvest" (3), full of a grave sentiment which is noticeably like that of J. F. Millet. The admirable "Sleeping Nymph and Satyrs" (100), Etty's diploma-picture, is the best example here of a painter whom it is the fashion absurdly to depreciate, but who at his best had some of the most original genius and the happiest execution possible to any artist. Among the English landscapes a very fine William Collins is "The Harvest Shower" (37); and Mr. Colman lends an enchanting Cotman (15), a waterfall and a ravine, painted in a delicious convention, all blue and buff; less successful is the "Suffolk" (17), where Cotman is trying to be realistic. Here are several Turners, in his latest manner, when he squirted rainbow colours on his canvas, and mixed them together with a spoon.

The Fifth Gallery is entirely dedicated to a selection from the works of John Pettie, who died last year, and whose methods are too much in the taste of yesterday to be much appreciated to-day. We think that scant justice is likely to be done to Pettie's gifts at the present moment, and with the critics, at all events, this roomful of his pictures will meet with hard shrift. Pettie, especially in his later years, was theatrical in subject, greasy and slovenly in brush-work. But the sight of many of these canvases ought to remind us of the sensation caused by the spirited young Scotch painter when first, hardly out of his teens, he made his appearance at the Royal Academy. In the sixties, at all events, he took the public by storm. What he could do then we may see by looking at the effective, and even pathetic, "Drum-head Court-martial" (212) of 1865. This seems to be the earliest of his pictures here lent; and this is a pity, for Pettie had been a regular exhibitor since 1859, and some of the work of his youth ought to have been shown in this memorial collection. When he painted "Treasure" (210), in 1867, he was already an A.R.A. He never advanced beyond the cleverness of this group of stalwart, greedy nobles sprawling across their council-table. Pettie's period of greatest activity as a painter dated from this time to about 1878. Of late his pictures had gone out of fashion, and he died a disappointed man. When he could get rid of stage light and stage pathos, and a colour that was habitually too hot, he was a learned and vivid painter. His portrait of himself (187) is solid and good, "The Sally" (207) highly effective, and "Jacobites" (193) genuinely interesting. It is, perhaps, a little too soon to decide what Pettie's eventual place in English art will be, but of all this energy and cleverness something surely must survive.

REVIEWS.

THUDICHUM'S WINES.

A Treatise on Wines. By J. L. W. Thudichum, M.D. London: George Bell & Sons.

DR. THUDICHUM tells us, in his preface, that

"The publishers of this treatise had intended to arrange a new issue of the work on wines of the late Mr. Cyrus Redding, which had been so well received by the public that it went through several editions. But it was found on approximating the proposition to execution that not only had time enlarged and altered many parts of the subject, but that as

Mr. Redding's work had been written mainly for a political economical object, which had been fully attained by the legislation of 1860, its argument was exhausted and its cycle of life complete. Such a work could not practically be revived by rearrangement to meet the demands of the present time, and the publishers therefore desired me to compose a new and independent treatise of similar dimensions.

We have neither the intention nor the desire to traverse any part of this statement, which is, no doubt, as far as it goes, perfectly true. And everybody who knows anything about the subject will acknowledge that there are few, if any, scientific authorities upon wine, whether in the growing, or the making, or the analysing thereof, who rank higher than Dr. Thudichum. Still, the treatise which he has here produced (and which Messrs. Bell have printed remarkably well, and issued in a comely cover, with a vine climbing up its back) does not strike us as in all respects replacing Redding, or as being quite the book that we should like to have seen on the subject. Redding was rather inaccurate, rather superficial, and no doubt, as Dr. Thudichum says, in parts quite out of date. But he had a certain man-of-letters knack of making a book readable which his learned successor has not entirely inherited. Indeed, the person who should write a perfect book on wine, or even, short of perfection, one thoroughly satisfactory to not unreasonably exacting tastes, would have to be rather unusually gifted. He must, according to modern ideas, be ready with his test-tubes and his analysis-tables; he must be a skilful botanist, or at least "ampelologist"; he must know the plagues and diseases of the vine; he must have haunted vineyards, and pressing-vats, and cellars "from Douro to Moselle"; and he must be up in the statistics of Boards of Trade and Wine Exhibitions. In all these respects Dr. Thudichum is eximious. We think, indeed, that he endeavours to cover rather too wide a field, and covers it with too hasty steps, in the geographical and statistical part of his book. If any one compares, for instance, such a sketch (itself only episodic and digressive) as that of Dr. Muskett on Australian Wines, recently noticed in the *Saturday Review*, with the reference to that subject here, he will think that Dr. Thudichum had better either have left it out or made more of it. Indeed, all the later part of his book might have been cut away with great advantage, and the whole space given to the wines of France, Spain, Portugal (including Madeira), and Germany. For these are the wine countries of the world, and when any of the rest (we include Hungary in Germany without offence to Magyar patriotism) succeed in producing real wine which will travel, which will keep, and which deserves to rank with its betters, it is quite an exception.

But, besides those gifts which Dr. Thudichum possesses, there are others which, if he possesses, he is rather chary in exhibiting. The literature and traditions of wine form a very great part of its interest, and, though we do not want these trotted out in the spirit of the bookmaker, we do want them drawn upon in the spirit of the man of letters. Lastly, there is the instant and pressing attraction of the wine itself, the wine that is or might be in our cellars, the characteristics of different vintages, the fortunes of different vineyards, the taste, quality, peculiarities of the growths as they strike a wine-lover. On all these things Dr. Thudichum is far from copious. Thus he says very little about the different vineyards of the Médoc, except to tell us that Château Margaux is "nearly always the best of the whole Médoc," adding the rather contradictory statement that "In good or great years it is absolutely the best; but in middling years Lafite (*sic*) and Latour are superior to it." Now there are certainly more "middling" years than "good or great" ones; and how can a wine which is inferior in the former be "nearly always" the best? Then he tells us that Lafite (for we must be excused for adopting the proper spelling) "has all the qualities of Margaux except its *finesse*; it has more body and a distinguished taste," while Latour "has the most body but less *finesse* and bouquet." We should add that of none of the other classed growths does he say anything, merely referring to the well-known larger work which he wrote with Dr. Dupré, and of which, no doubt, this is a sort of abridgment.

Now this way of writing is extremely delusive. Of no wine—certainly of no vintage wine of the Médoc—can you lay down these sweeping generalizations. You must always take in the year, and the year will sometimes upset them surprisingly. For instance, in no year between 1858 and 1884 was Margaux the best of the great wines except 1870 and 1875. In 1878—beyond all question a great year—it was not so good as either Lafite or Latour by a great deal. Further, in that same year 1878 Latour had not nearly so much body as Lafite; indeed, we do not clearly remember any year, except 1864, when it had. In fact "body," though of course it does sometimes distinguish one vineyard from another (for instance, no one, we suppose, ever tasted a burly Larose or

a washy Pontet Canet), is less generally predicable of separate vineyards than some other things which may appear in perfection no doubt only in good years, but seldom fail utterly. Such things are the wonderful velvety of Léoville; the delicacy of Larose; the singularly distinct and yet not easily definable quality of Rauzan and Pichon-Longueville; the astonishingly even excellence of Langoa and Beychevelle (from which two vineyards, except in quite impossible years, it may almost be said that no bad wine ever comes); the elegance of Château d'Issan and Giscours; the sturdy merit of Croizet-Bages; the curious efficiency (each of them being able to hold their own against wines of much higher relative class) of Malescot and Dauzac; and the other points of others which it might be tedious to enumerate. But in all the year must be borne in mind. Now the discussion of recent years in claret is very interesting, and suited to make the mind take a rather rosy view of things. There was a time, some ten or twelve years ago, when the '64's were drunk, or over, or very dear, and the '74's not ready, and when a wine-merchant of high standing and much frankness confessed that, if he had not luckily secured a considerable stock of '71 Lafite (which turned out unexpectedly good), he really should hardly have known what to recommend to his customers. Now, there is still a fair amount of '78, than which we, at least, wish for no better wine; divers '81's are said to be going to develop some day, even as the '70's have done, for the benefit of the sensible people who have got them; there are cheap light '82's and '83's which cost very little, and are far from despicable; '84 is extolled to the skies by some (it has too much tannin still for others, though certainly the Haut Brion and the Margaux will "give sensations"); and we at least, though we know it is customary to decry the year, have drunk '85's which were anything but contemptible. Although not much is to be said for '86, every expert agrees that the '87's are to be great, and we will hope they will be; while nearly as much is said of '90 and '93. But the special blessings of Dionysus for his faithful at this moment are, perhaps, to be found in the '88's and '89's, which have "hurried up" in a quite miraculous manner, and though, of course, not to be called anything like first-rate, are quite cheap, have (especially the '88's) a most delightful flavour, and such a finish as sure no wines of four or five years old ever had before.

Dr. Thudichum, as every sensible man must be, is very severe on the preposterous prices now asked and given for champagne. We cannot agree with him that this wine does not improve by keeping, but the theory of values may well present itself in the most staggering light, when we remember that people will give 10*l.* a dozen for '80 champagne, when they can get '78 Léoville for much less, and '78 Lafite for not much more, than half the money. His Burgundy section sins even more than that on the Médoc by want of particularity, and it is even more of a pity, for the gospel of Burgundy is a great gospel, and it needs much expounding to Englishmen now, though there was a time when they understood it. It is true that the sea journey is much against this wine of wines, and we suspect that English cellars, both those of the merchants and those of the public, are kept rather too warm for it. Also we want much more inquiry and much more stimulus to wine-merchants to obtain and keep the less known wines of France, those of the South, "now risen again and whole" from the Phylloxera; those of the Jura and its neighbourhood, the still red champagnes, and others. Indeed, unless the public is told of them, it is useless for the merchant to cellar or "list" them.

On Hock Dr. Thudichum, as might be expected, is copious and appreciative, and he has devoted, perhaps, the very best section in his whole book to that wine once beloved, now despised, of Englishmen—sherry. He has evidently himself a great opinion of it, but he expostulates very roundly with the folk of Jerez for certain obstinate practices or malpractices of theirs in making and keeping it. He thinks, however, that they have the greatest future of all, whenever somebody comes to discard "plaster and brandy," as sweetening and colouring have already been discarded. We rather doubt. Next he places unbranded port, wherein also we cannot quite follow him. No doubt few men over thirty or under sixty can drink the old "black strap," altogether admirable as the best of it is. But there is not much joy in the tawny port from the wood, now so much recommended, and as for "natural" or "unbranded" port, the few specimens which, by the kindness of wine-merchants, we have tasted of that liquor have not pleased us better. But there is a "tip" about port which few people seem to know—a *via media* between the old two-and-a-half-year bottled wine and the modern twenty-, thirty-, or forty-years-old-in-the-wood liquid. Let the wine of a rather full vintage be bottled at from six to nine years old (instead of two, three, or four), and keep it another seven or eight in bottle. It will throw little crust, but (with good luck) plenty of wing; it will have lost comparatively little colour or flavour, but it

Will not rush at express speed to the great toe and the liver. In fact, it will have to the palate almost all the virtues of a wine bottled at thirty months and kept for thirty years, will be much cheaper and much more wholesome. The only thing is that it is not every merchant who can supply it; but a little forethought on the part of the consumer will enable him to supply himself with no inordinate delay, and with very advantageous results.

We rather apologize to Dr. Thudichum for this desultory comment on his own very methodical and valuable book. But if we had room we could bestow twice and twelve times as much desultoriness upon it. For the subject is inexhaustible.

NOVELS.

One Never Knows. By F. C. Phillips. 3 vols. London: Ward & Downey. 1893.

Tales of the Yorkshire Wolds. By J. Keighley Snowden. London: Sampson Low, Marston, & Co. 1893.

Barneraig: Episodes in the Life of a Scottish Village. By Gabriel Setoun. London: John Murray. 1893.

A Latter-day Romance. By Mrs. Murray Hickson. London: Bliss, Sands, & Foster. 1893.

Michael Lamont, Schoolmaster. By Jessie Patrick Findlay. London: Hodder & Stoughton. 1893.

Mauryeen, the Outcast: a Tale of Unrequited Love. By Insko Novo. London: Digby, Long, & Co. 1893.

Stories of a Western Town. By Octave Thanet. London: Sampson Low, Marston, & Co. 1893.

A Romance of Lincoln's Inn. By Sarah Doudney. 2 vols. London: Hutchinson & Co. 1893.

Foes in Ambush. By Captain Charles King, U.S.A. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company. 1893.

MR. F. C. PHILIPS'S latest novel, *One Never Knows*, strikes us at once by its effective title. Once again the author tells a story of men and women who are not quite angels. The inner life of the actress—the latter a term which appears to include a wide range of “talent”—grows more and more fascinating to a large number of the public every day; but Mr. Phillips's concession to this taste is not an unworthy one. There are two sides to the question. If the nobleman who marries an actress is likely to be a fit subject for condolence, contemptuous or otherwise, it sometimes happens that the actress who accepts the kind of nobleman willing to marry her has by no means the best of the bargain. It is a union of the latter kind with which this novel deals. When Lord Sidney Le Brun marries Joyce Merriem, the Hilarity actress, and is packed off by his father with a small allowance to the Cape, things are promising enough, and remain in a fairly sound condition until Le Brun's extravagances drive his wife back to the stage. He forms a disreputable connexion with a member of the same theatrical company, and, urged by Lady Rose, who is determined that he shall eventually marry her, in spite of his broken troth, seeks with incredible baseness to entangle his wife, first with Captain Long, and afterwards, apparently with greater success, with Hugh Forrester. The narrative is given with simplicity and directness; the sketches of English theatrical life and of society and scenery at the Cape are drawn with light humour, and the various knowledge of the travelled man of the world. If the novel gives us what is known as an unpleasant view of a certain phase of modern society, the offensive element is conspicuously wanting, no small testimony to the tact of the writer. Though it may be true that women like Joyce Merriem are *rare* *aves* so far as the stage, and especially what is known as the burlesque stage, is concerned, it is pleasant to find that they have a discriminating champion to record and illustrate their virtues. At the same time it may be permitted to doubt if a woman so tender about her honour as Joyce would ever have consented to the utter ruin, even of an already compromised reputation, by submitting to the slur clearly implied in the decree of divorce. There are other reasons which might, and probably would, have prompted her to take another course; but the author has drawn her as a fine womanly character, with a tender and absorbing motherly instinct. The husband is a poor contemptible creature, and his vicious weakness is mercilessly laid bare. Lady Rose must be excused the melodramatic intensity of her villany for the purpose she fulfils in the development of the story, and the Colonial characters are cleverly depicted. If Hugh Forrester, who finally marries the innocent *divorcée*, is a little shadowy, it must be remembered that he has been almost necessarily absent through a great part of the elaboration of the story, and, to the author's credit, that no character has been allowed to step into such prominence as to destroy the balance of an excellently designed picture. The work is dedicated to “my Valued Friend and Collaborator, Charles H. E. Brookfield.”

The author of *Tales of the Yorkshire Wolds*, in addressing

Yorkshire readers, and these, we fancy, will include the great majority of his constituents, warns them that “they will not find the broad and manly speech of the North-West Riding set down with phonetic precision,” the reason given being the amply sufficient one that “so set down their simple mother-tongue might have been unintelligible to some Englishmen.” The thanks of the general reader are due to Mr. Snowden for thus studying his convenience, although we fear that the retention of the dialect, even so far as it has been retained, will be a serious bar to the wide reading of the book, except by those “kinsfolk in Yorkshire” to whom it is a tribute of affection on the part of the author, who, however, must have credit for having well maintained the accuracy of the local speech. The writer has been a medical practitioner in the district wherein he has laid the *venue* of his stories, and has enjoyed opportunities of observation, which he has used with equal shrewdness and kindness. If, on the one hand, one feels that personal acquaintance and interest have given his characters and their histories a greater importance in his eyes than they are ever likely to assume in our own; and if, sometimes, it seems that the people might just as well have been of Sussex or of Devon as of Yorkshire, on the other hand the vice of the local depicitor, the excess of local description, is absent. The writer's metaphor goes astray a little now and then, as in the “cruel leprosy of snow”; but we are quite willing to make the printers responsible for some errors which are not obviously typographical. “Lige Murgatroyd's Trouble,” “What the Parson Brought,” and “A Tale of Shame,” are perhaps the best of these tales in fidelity to truth, having a wider field of application than the life of a small district, and it is to be noted of their realism, sombre though it sometimes is, that the cheerier and better side of humanity is not put out of sight.

Localized human nature is also the avowed subject of *Barneraig*, a fairly “convincing picture of the everyday conditions of life and modes of thought of the good folk in a certain Scottish mining village.” Here, again, the local study is likely to possess a merely local interest, the best part of the book being the preliminary description of the “old barony burgh” and its surroundings. The inhabitants of “Barneraig,” no doubt, possess an individuality of their own; but so do the denizens of any community, and there is nothing in the character presented here to make it worthier of record than the small-beer chronicles, scandalous or otherwise, of any small village in the world, nor are the stories in which the character-studies are enshrined of such a kind as to make them more than passably interesting for their own sake. On the other hand, they are simply and unaffectedly told, and the writer's sympathy with his subjects is evident. Humour of a quiet kind crops up from time to time, and, especially in “The Last of the Six o'clock Bell” and “For Her Sake,” a genuinely pathetic note is struck. The former of these extends the principle that “in the kingdom of the blind the one-eyed man is king” to the province of the “daft,” with touching effect. If, in a book of this kind, it would be vain to expect to be spared a “daft Wullie,” escape from the usual colliery accident is equally out of the question. The most noteworthy fact about “For Her Sake” is the artistic reticence of the conclusion.

A Latter-day Romance, in the first place, is completely wanting in the element of romance; and, in the second, is latter-day to the extent that, if the subject were treated in a slightly different spirit, and the work cut down to five or six pages, it might be turned into a mild specimen of the *feuilleton* to be found in the feeblest of the Society papers. The story is but the sordid record of a selfish woman's infidelity to a husband whose blindness, through a shooting accident, would have riveted the more firmly the loyalty of any woman whose character was worth the study. Lilian, it is true, is not guilty in one sense; but the author is careful to show that, notwithstanding an earlier and insincere resistance to the thinly specious pleadings of Graham, the growing pathos of the patient husband's condition has not been sufficient to prevent her from writing to her lover to take her away. It is at this moment that the husband's rather more than less deliberate suicide takes place; and the effectiveness of the situation, were it desirable to tell the story at all, lies in the fact that she has just unnecessarily betrayed herself to a worthless lover who has fled from her rather to hide his indifference than to shun temptation. The poignancy of the position is, however, deadened by the impossibility of getting up any sympathy with the woman or interest in her lover; while we cannot help thinking that the lonely husband is happier out of the way.

Michael Lamont, schoolmaster, was young, good-looking, considered clever, and given to drink; not so much, it would seem, in good fellowship as in condescension to those inferior, but so far intelligent, spirits who considered him clever. He was a consequential snob of the first rank, and when he had managed to raise himself to some giddy height of importance in the

schools in Edinburgh, he jilted little Nan, his sweetheart, telling her brutally that she was not fit to preside over such a house as his, and proposed to Phyllis Winter, the parson's daughter, who accepted him frankly as a matter of convenience. Phyllis was dying, on a sofa in a white woollen wrap, of consumption. Nevertheless her sweet, powerful voice rang through the room when she sang, and she longed to get away to London to be an operatic star, and to this end she accepted Michael. She told her sister that she had a horrid serpent coiled up in her heart—torpid as yet, awaiting the fire of temptation to awake and hiss. It did awake and hiss, and after she had declared the match with Michael off again, she departed for London, to be taken ill at the station, and return home to die. Will Lamont had stayed at home with his father, the weaver and tallyman, but afterwards became a great botanist, and having loved Phyllis, espoused Bertha, her sister, a serious young person, who sometimes wrote her father's sermons. There are two young journalists in the book; but, although we are constantly hearing such phrases as "irresistible gleam of humour shining," &c., the humour itself is very much to seek. The dialogue between the girls is silly and unnatural, and there is an irritating recurrence of trite quotation. The printing and paper are exceptionally good.

We have always received with amusement, strongly tempered with unbelief, the specimens of Baboo English which we have received from Anglo-Indians, favoured with the traditional privilege of the traveller. If anything could impel us to give credit to the truth of such examples, and to the influence of the housemaid in fiction, it would be *Maurveen, the Outcast*. It is quite beyond our power to do anything like justice to the story itself, one of murder and mystery, the scene of which is laid in Ireland. It is of a type common enough forty years ago; the characters—the broken-down gentleman, the virtuous and beautiful daughter, the designing land-agent, and the Sibyl, Maurveen herself—are all old friends; but the attraction of the book will be found in the style, which displays effects of nonsensical verbiage, pleonasm and tautology, absolutely amazing in extent and complexity. Maurveen, whose marble arms are for ever pointing at something, and who bares her white teeth to the light of the moon, "listened to the Collegian unfold his bosom to her, and though her heart had lost its better nature, she hesitated to proceed, as she paused in silence and reflected on the consequence to follow the success of her undertaking. Her heart, bruised by the rough usage of the world, which had blunted the feelings once so keen to the sensitive nature of woman's tenderness, had lost the true womanly feelings of her early life, till her sense of tenderness, so to speak, had been steelled by the hardening influence of a cold, merciless, and unfeeling world, until the soft, tender feelings of her womanly nature gave place to those of cruelty and revenge"; and so on for nearly half a page more. "Hatty O'Neill was silent; she stood motionless and unmoved in her trying and unpleasant position, as if her sensibility was insufficient to arouse the delicacy of her feelings to a sense of her unhappy situation. For some time she remained in this semi-conscious position, till Father Mick approached her and took her by the hand, when she started and gazed at him, as if it was only then she recovered from her apathy by the return of her senses, when the perception of her unpleasant position dawned on the listless vacancy of her mind, which was till then almost unconscious of what passed before her." These passages have not been selected as exhibiting in any very high degree the faults of the book; they are merely average specimens of the twaddle which occupies page after page of this precious work, and their language is simply that in which the book is written. We have no space for further quotation, even if it were worth while. Had we not actually seen it, we should have found a difficulty in believing that people could be found to write, print, or publish such stuff. If any one should entertain a quite reasonable doubt as to the possibility of this thing, a haphazard reference to almost any page of the book will convince him.

Stories of a Western Town are told, of course, of a Western town in the United States, and, though not of course, are entirely connected with a particular firm in that town. By far the best of these artless little tales is the first, "The Besetment of Kurt Lieders," a touching little record of the curious form taken in the exhibition by an old workman of his devotion to his employers. In "Tommy and Thomas" the author gives way to idolatry, the object being a young representative of the Irish race. Like most of his tribe in America this paragon turns his thoughts to politics, and with characteristic arrogance takes himself so seriously that others must need take him seriously too. He had, however, as we are told, "the unflinching charm of his race," "also the manners of a gentleman, but I don't know that I ever saw an Irishman, no matter how low in the social scale, who hadn't." We could

wish that this fine spirit of appreciation were more widely spread or had a more substantial foundation. Slight as it is, "An Assisted Providence" displays light and graceful humour deftly mingled with a grateful touch of pathos. The last story, "Harry Lossing," whose name runs through the book, is simply exasperating on account of the obvious hero-worship, by the author, of this self-satisfied young man. Although the American language, much of it of the Irish blend, overflows the dialogue into the body of the book, it might have been worse. On the other hand, it is hard to forgive the introduction of so hideous an atrocity as "motorneer," applied to the driver of a "street-car." The black-and-white drawings by Mr. A. B. Frost, well reproduced by process, are admirable for their neatness and faithful characterization.

"That is a strange gift which can throw a glamour over what is commonplace and make it interesting," says Lady Wyburn, in *A Romance of Lincoln's Inn*. Without wishing to accuse Miss Doudney of any excess in the matter of glamour, it may be confessed that this commonplace story may prove interesting to a class of very young lady of imperfect education and undeveloped tastes. Nelly Stanley is, in fact, quite an everyday sort of jilt of a particularly petty type, and the author's obvious efforts to "throw a glamour" over her motives and actions are feebly ineffective. One artifice to this end is the mystery made about her birth. She has been picked up by the roadside, and as it is supposed, on quite insufficient evidence, that she is a gipsy, she is named Stanley. On still less satisfactory evidence, the Earl and Countess of Brookstone assume—or rather the Countess does—that she is their long-lost daughter, born to them when he was a wandering artist and she a poor gipsy whom he had married. If this Romany colouring is put in with a view to a justification of the girl's waywardness, it entirely fails in its effect, and leaves us still convinced that she is merely a shallow coquette. On the other hand, the incident leads to nothing, for at the end we do not know, nor do we care, any more than Lord Brookstone seems to do, whether she is the daughter of the "dark ladye" or no. The gipsy characterization is of the most flimsily theatrical kind. Another equally futile and equally theatrical device is the appearance in the magic crystal of Nelly's future bridal. When she turns pale in the midst of the "property" surroundings and the portentous talk of Buckingham and La Vallière, one is induced to think that the vision is of an awful death, at least, instead of being, as it is, an apparition of herself at the altar with a man for whom we are compelled, by her conduct, to believe she has a partiality not quite consistent with her loyalty to her priggish lover. "Don't rampage, Mayne," she says to him when, in one of the few moments in which we are able to regard him as a human creature, he shows a thoroughly reasonable jealousy of Lord Wyburn—an odd expression in the circumstances; and every now and then she descends from the lofty level of sentimental platitudes to utterances such as this:—"I have reason to be charmed with my lot. And people envy me; you should see Christina Payton's face when I go to church! I never could endure that woman, and I like to make her wild." There is not the least reason in the world to be surprised that she should throw over so namby-pamby a lover as Mayne Comberford for Lord Wyburn or any one else. That the latter should go mad is unlucky for her, but she loses nothing in Mayne. "His heart was full of indefinite longings mingled with vague regrets," is just as true at the beginning of the story as at the end; and when he says "I loved my Ideal," we know very well that it is the only rival himself has ever had. The end leaves us without pity for the one or care for the other.

"The sun was going down, a hissing globe of fire and torment," suggests

And Phibbus' car
Shall shine from far—

and is a fair sample of one of Captain Charles King's styles in *Foes in Ambush*, a long, formless story of adventure in Arizona. Murder, fighting, robbery, and abduction abound in the pages of this work, which is also full of Apaches, Gringos, Mexicans, outlaws, Greasers, and more or less Irish-American troopers. The wealth, not to say plethora, of thrilling incident and picturesque description in the story might make it an excellent book for boys, who would overlook the flashy style for the sake of the thrills. A fatal objection to the work on behalf of this class of readers, however, is the coarseness and profanity with which the author has saturated his dialogue, no doubt in the sincerest spirit of flattery of a modern writer whose work has other qualities to recommend it. Captain King—it is quite unnecessary to add the "U.S.A."—is evidently thoroughly well acquainted with the people and the country he describes, and, with some chastening of his style in the two directions we have indicated, and severe

economy in the matter of prolixity, should be able in the future to produce a book of adventure which could be read by boys without contamination, and by adult lovers of deeds of derring-do without the weariness born of repetition and unnecessary detail.

THE ZOOLOGY OF INVERTEBRATES.

Zoology of the Invertebrates: a Text-Book for Students. By A. E. Shipley, M.A. London: A. & C. Black.

THOSE animals that are not provided with a backbone form one-half, and by far the larger half, of the inhabitants of the globe. One enthusiastic student of insects has computed the numbers of these invertebrates alone at ten millions. Without venturing either to endorse or dispute this calculation, which seems rather to savour of the immense drafts upon time which geologists are apt to insist upon being honoured, it is clear that there is a very large quantity indeed of insects and other invertebrates; the numbers and variety of the animals mean number and variety in the literature of the subject; and he who, in this year, attempts to grapple with the entire literature dealing even with the invertebrates, must count upon exceeding the normal span of life. Fortunately, however, for the composers of books like that now under review, the recent edition of the *Encyclopædia Britannica* contains well-digested summaries, by writers of note, of most groups of animals; so that the literary labours of the writer of a text-book may be fairly limited to an investigation of what has been done since. We do not, however, mean to imply by these remarks that Mr. Shipley's text-book is a compilation; he has had ample first-hand experience of more than one group of the animals of which he treats, and has besides been a teacher of the subject for some time at Cambridge. His experience as a teacher leads Mr. Shipley to think that a book of the scope of that which he has written will prove useful to students "who are already acquainted with the elementary facts of Animal Biology." The book is intended for these persons, and is presumably to be supplemented by lectures, or rather to supplement the lectures, for we hold most strongly that the elements of any science are best taught orally by a teacher who is himself an investigator. We are glad to see that the author includes the Myxomycetes among the Protozoa. These lowly-organized creatures, sometimes called "Flowers of Tan," have been fought over by zoologists and botanists for some time; they appear in Sachs's "Botany," and also in Professor Lankester's article, "Protozoa," in the *Encyclopædia*. They are very singular organisms, and seem, indeed, to partake of the nature of both plants and animals, though, as we think, with a distinct bent towards the animal. As, however, there is really no scientific frontier between animals and plants, it is not important to argue long about the matter. The chief reason for elevating the Myxomycetes to the position of beasts is that they start life in the guise of the Amœba. A number of these little Amœbæ then simultaneously coalesce, and become merged into a common flesh. This indiscriminate and polygamous kind of union results in the production of the characteristic form of the animal.

Though Mr. Shipley will doubtless find himself in agreement with most zoologists in supporting the appropriation of the Myxomycetes, he will not please everybody by claiming the Chordata as invertebrates. This procedure on his part does not meet with our approbation at all. The author is, of course, perfectly right in pointing out that there is really no such group as invertebrates opposed to vertebrates. This old division of the animal kingdom was really first proposed by Aristotle, who divided animals into those with and those without blood—a division which roughly corresponds to the "animaux sans vertèbres," and the "vertèbres" of Lamarck. He is, furthermore, etymologically correct in denying to the Ascidians and the famous "worm" Balanoglossus a place, however humble, among the vertebrates, for they have no vertebrae. But, in spite of this, it is the general opinion at present that the three fundamental points of similarity which the animals mentioned show to the vertebrates—namely, the temporary or permanent existence of breathing organs formed in the first place by perforations of the gut; the presence of a dorsally placed resistant rod termed the "notochord"; and, finally, the dorsally-placed central nervous system—are sufficient to warrant their association in one large group. Besides, Mr. Shipley is not quite logical; if he steals Balanoglossus, for which the united efforts of Cambridge, Jena, and St. Petersburg have secured an honourable position among the élite of the animal world, he ought to have extended his depredations, and carried off Amphioxus.

In reviews and articles dealing with zoology all paths ultimately lead to or start from Amphioxus; and we are glad that

Mr. Shipley has been strong-minded enough to refrain from annexing this creature. As it is, he has undoubtedly skimmed the cream from text-books of vertebrate anatomy. After the animals that we have already referred to have been taken away from the vertebrates, the residuum is the less interesting part of the subject. The vertebrata, properly (*i.e.* etymologically) speaking, are a very limited group in structural variation. There is less difference between a man and a herring than between an earthworm and a snail; the writers of such text-books, therefore, will feel grateful to Mr. Shipley for having at least left them Amphioxus. A very excellent feature, as it seems to us, is found in the careful definitions which he gives of different groups; such are eminently useful as a crystallized epitome of a lecture. We ought in addition to point out that the book, wherever we have tested it, appears to be thoroughly up to date. In a more or less condensed *résumé* of a large subject there is, of course, no room for any literary merit except that of clearness; this merit we freely allow to Mr. Shipley, and his descriptions are borne out by well-selected and lucid woodcuts.

ENGLISH MINSTERS.

Our English Minsters. By F. W. Farrar, D.D., Archdeacon and Canon of Westminster. London: Isbister.

AFTER Canon Farrar's name on the title-page we read "and others." This expression occurs again. We read "With illustrations by Herbert Railton and others." The others in both cases are by far the most numerous of the contributors. Canon Farrar writes on Westminster, and his chapter occupies more than a hundred pages; the rest of the book, about two hundred and fifty pages, containing accounts of Canterbury by Canon Fremantle, of Durham by Canon Talbot, of Wells by Mr. Pereira, of Lincoln by Canon Venables, of Winchester by Canon Benham, and of Gloucester by Dean Spence. The illustrations are numerous and good—that is, picturesque—but, of course, they are wholly lacking in the precision necessary in regular architectural drawings. There is much the same want in most of the essays, which, with one exception, are in no sense guides; so that, though the book is small and easily carried about, a visitor who trusts to it to conduct him over any cathedral but Canterbury will be disappointed and puzzled. The preface tells us nothing except that the publishers hope to issue a second volume. If we ask what a "minster" is, and how it differs from any other church, we must be content without an answer. Also we see no reference to any division between churches of old, or new, or monastic foundation. True, the term minster is rather indefinite. Originally, in England, it meant a church to which an establishment of canons or monks was attached. Thus St. Paul's is occasionally referred to as a minster in times before the Conquest, and some have seen in the name of Westminster a reference to another minster to the eastward. A Cistercian abbey on Tower Hill flourished for a few years, and was popularly called Eastminster; but St. Paul's was in existence before Westminster, and was old before Eastminster was founded by Edward III. Of the minsters described in this little volume, Wells and Lincoln are of what is called the old foundation, and are served, like London, by secular canons. Westminster was strictly monastic, and had an abbot at its head. At Canterbury, Durham, and Winchester there was a monastery, ruled by a prior, the archbishop or bishop being the abbot. Gloucester was only made a cathedral by Henry VIII., having been a monastery unattached to any see. The term "minster" is convenient for this book, if it is to include some churches which are not cathedrals, of which only Westminster is in the present volume; and, strictly speaking, this church was also a cathedral—that is, a "bishop's stool"—for a few years during the reigns of Henry VIII. and Edward VI.

Although it is the longest of these chapters, that of Canon Farrar cannot with any truth be considered the best. This honour belongs to Canon Venables's account of Lincoln. Canon Farrar's inaccuracy is marvellous. In this respect he follows Dean Stanley, whose first anxiety was as to the form of his sentence, not as to its truth. Canon Farrar is quite as careless in the second particular, but by no means as careful in the first. His sentences are both constantly slipshod and also often founded in error. There is, for instance, a passage which begins by remarking how much we should gain by a thorough knowledge of history, and goes on to make this statement:—"Here Samuel Johnson leant in tears at the funeral of Oliver Goldsmith." But, as everybody knows, except perhaps Canon Farrar, Oliver Goldsmith was buried on the north side of the Temple Church. So, too, a little further on he betrays his ignorance of heraldry. It is curious how fond some writers are of dabbling in heraldry without understanding it. "Dart says that he also found Chaucer's own arms upon the monument

[of Sir Louis Robsart]—namely, ‘argent and gules per pale, or bend countercharged.’” “Countercharged” is a term unknown to heralds, but did Dart really write such nonsense as “per pale, or bend”? A reference to Dart himself produces this reading, a very different thing:—“Argent and gules per pale, a bend countercharged.” It is bad enough for Canon Farrar to write about what he does not understand, but it is still worse to accuse Dart of doing the same. Here is an example of a different kind. Speaking of the tomb of Henry VII., Canon Farrar remarks, “the bronze closure round the tomb is the work of the fierce Florentine sculptor, Torregiano.” But a glance at the screen shows that it is English Gothic in work and design, probably by Laurence Ymber, and certainly by an English artist. The tomb within is known to be by “Peter Torresany,” as he was called. Of this Canon Farrar gives no account. We have mentioned some examples of Canon Farrar’s ideas of accuracy. Here is a gem of slipshod English. Speaking of the monument of Admiral Tyrrell, who was an Irishman, Canon Farrar says, “History, Navigation, Hibernia are represented as semi-nude figures under the sea among the rocks; the latter is rapturously pointing to the spot on the terrestrial globe where the Admiral was born.” A glance at what remains of the celebrated “pancake monument” shows that it is not Navigation but Hibernia, not the latter, but the last, that points to Tyrrell’s birthplace. Also, there are no semi-nude figures on the monument. The completely nude figure of the Admiral has been removed; and the nymphs wear much more clothing than is at all usual with ladies of their class. It would be interesting to know more of “Lord Pettigrew,” who is mentioned, on p. 119, as having formed a collection of epitaphs. He is not named by the peerages or in Lowndes.

The sketch of Canterbury is pleasantly written and looks as if it might be useful as a guide. The illustrations resemble etchings, and are all excellent. Canon Fremantle stumbles badly at p. 147, where he speaks of the tomb of the Duchess of Atholl in the crypt. No Duchess of Atholl was ever buried in the crypt or any other part of the church. The view of Durham from the river is very pretty. The artist’s name is not given. The views of Wells are very like the work of Mr. Pennell. The account of Wells Cathedral has in it an episode—namely, a sketch of the life of Bishop Ken, in which, however, there should be something about the chaplaincy at Tangier. Mr. Railton appears again at Lincoln, where he illustrates the delightful account of the Cathedral by Canon Venables. Winchester is also sketched by Mr. Railton, and his cloister at Gloucester is one of the prettiest things in a pretty book. There is no index.

EXMOOR FOREST.

Annals of the Ancient Royal Forest of Exmoor. By Edwin John Rawle. Taunton: Barnicott & Pearce. 1893.

TO speak of Exmoor as one of the most romantic parts of England would hardly be accurate. Its outlines are too rounded, its charms too broad and simple, for that. But that it is one of the most poetical cannot be denied. Its long combs and vast billowy downs, with the yellow Bristol Channel as their vague horizon northward, and the graceful chain of the Quantocks shielding them from civilization on the east, have the dignity that comes from genuine remoteness, the mystery of the profoundly isolated. People who climb the exquisite gorge of Cloutsham, who take their walks abroad from Dunster or from Dulverton, who push up from Lynton to Roborough Castle, have seen what is very charming, and have had delightful experiences, but they have hardly seen the Moor. It is not given to every one to cross the genuine solitudes, the broad and simple face of the true Exmoor. But a pedestrian who finds the dusk falling round him as he strolls from Spracombe Head to Alderman’s Barrow, or a hunter feeling his way back to Porlock from the down above Exford, may very suddenly realize the solemn and formless immensity of the real Exmoor, and may comprehend its mysterious poetry. Such a man may understand how penetrating is the fascination of this country, and may cease to wonder at stories of gentlemen of fashion and students of renown who have abruptly thrown the world away to vegetate for the rest of their lives by the settle of a village inn at Oare or at Winsford.

The handsome quarto before us does credit to the enterprise of a Somersetshire firm of publishers. It deals with a portion of the history of Exmoor which is of great interest, and which has hitherto been neglected. The ordinary guide-books, and even the special county histories, give little or no information with regard to the early history of Exmoor. Mr. Rawle, who tells us that he is the representative of the eleventh generation in direct descent of a yeoman family settled in the parish of Oare since before the Reformation, is excellently fitted to record the annals of the

Moor with enthusiasm. He has searched the Record Office for documents with success, and he has a great deal of novel information to supply regarding the forest laws, charters, and officers.

Five ancient forests were at one time included within the boundaries of Somerset, and their foliage came down to the shores of the shallow bays that ran inland so far as to Glastonbury and to Langport. Of Selwood, Mendip, North Petherton, and Neroche scarcely a trace remains; Exmoor, alone, retains the name and something of the prestige of a forest. It stretched in Anglo-Saxon times at least from Dulverton to Porlock, for the kings had “palaces” or forest-lodges at each of those villages. It is remarkable that Domesday Survey throws no light at all upon the actual extent or limits of Exmoor Forest. William de Mohun, as chatelain of Dunster and lord of the manors of Minehead and Cutcombe, exercised forest rights, although those properties were outside the boundary of what we afterwards hear of as the Forest proper. Mr. Rawle goes more closely than we can afford to do into the evidence, and comes to the conclusion that in the reign of William the Conqueror there were more than sixty-two thousand acres of Exmoor Forest in the county of Somerset. It would seem that until the perambulation of 1298 the limits of Exmoor remained exceedingly vague.

This perambulation has long been known; it is preserved among the episcopal archives at Wells. But it has been the good fortune of Mr. Rawle to unearth two still earlier documents of the same nature. These two surveys of the beginning of the reign of Edward I. have been discovered in the Record Office, among what are called the Chapter House Documents, and the printing of them is one of the most interesting features of Mr. Rawle’s book. He gives a large map, on which these two perambulations, and also that of 1298, are clearly marked. The first thing we notice is that deforestation had gone on with rapidity since the days of John, especially on the eastern side; Dunkery Beacon and all the neighbourhood of Winsford and Dulverton having, in these fifty years or so, ceased to be regarded as forest. We have followed with close interest the conjectural lines of the two newly discovered perambulations. On one point we are inclined to differ from Mr. Rawle. The survey of 1279, after leaving the brow of Osmundesburghwey (which, of course, is Alderman’s Barrow) passes south “de Parva Dexe usque ad Magnam Dexe super cursum aque.” Nothing is known of Great or Little Dexe, and Mr. Rawle conjectures that the first was up on the down by Smallcombe, and the other on the river at Edgcott. We should rather place Parva Dexe on the Exe at Downcombe, and conceive Magna Dexe to be Exford. Mr. Rawle does not seem to have recognized in Dexe the Norman form D’Exe, as Doverhay was D’Overy.

The later Pleas of Exmoor Forest contain numberless touches of local colour, little collocations of phrases which seem for a moment to raise the veil that hangs over the obscure antiquity of the forest life. On the Thursday after Epiphany, 1253, Oliver de Tracy and three other men entered the Forest with greyhounds for purposes of unlawful hunting, *sed nihil ceperunt*; although they had taken nothing, fright took them, and they fled away in outlawry to Devonshire. The Tracy family gave a good deal of trouble, for thirteen years later we find that Thomas de Tracy and his men roused one stag on the feast of the Translation of St. Thomas the Martyr, and chased him far away into the Forest, until they killed him in the cover of Hawkridge; they carried the venison away so far as to the house of another poacher of the family, Henry de Tracy, in Tavistock, over whom this charge was still hanging four years later. In 1267 a gentleman with the unusual name of Thomas le Shetere de la Grutte entered the Forest with bows and arrows upon Easter Eve, and hunted one hind, and chased her out of the Forest bounds, and was harboured, being an habitual evildoer in this sort, in the house of John, chaplain of Hawkridge; “idem capellanus detentus est in prisma,” very properly. In 1264 Henry Boniface and Richard Apsolon caught a fawn that had strayed out of the Forest, and carried it alive into their own village of Bossington, which was an island in the Forest, and were fined ten shillings for this offence. Vague pictures they are which these dry judicial statements bring up before the imagination. We seem to be living under the greenwood-tree, in the deepest possible seclusion, buried in interminable undulations of glade upon glade, with the bright streams plunging down from bare scalps of moorland, high up and out of view. Perhaps, on a very small scale, the pedestrian of to-day who pierces the thick woodland from Stoke Pero Church, across the Horner, and up again to Doverhay, can realize what Exmoor Forest was like when it covered sixty thousand acres of Somersetshire.

It seems to have been irresistible to the dwellers about the Forest to help themselves to marauding stags and hinds. The

commonest charge was that of taking a "boviculum cervi," a stag-calf that had strayed into a farmer's rye-patch or apple-orchard. The punishments for this offence were at one time severe, and even horrible; the tendency of legislation was towards a humaner treatment of so natural a misdemeanour. Some of the language of the Forest laws needs a commentary. If Mr. Rawle understands what was meant in 1364 by "*unum cervum ejus pax erat proclamata*," he should aid his weaker brethren by a note. We have no idea what was meant by proclaiming the peace of a stag, unless it was his immunity from being hunted. That all which was considered forest was not covered with trees is, of course, to be understood. In 1335 Richard Ganne, of Lucott, set the moor of the Prior of Taunton on a blaze, and the fire spreading, two hundred acres of the King's heather ("*in brueram Domini Regis in foresta*") were destroyed.

Exmoor Forest almost disappears from history during the Tudor period. Such records as exist have little picturesqueness of character, and add nothing to our power of realization. It is plain that the Forest rights and privileges fell gradually into desuetude, and one of the first acts of James I. was to attempt to restore them in all their fulness. He settled Exmoor Forest upon Anne of Denmark. Under Charles I. the potent Endymion Porter (a name oddly quoted by Mr. Rawle as though an obscure one) attempted to secure a grant of the Forest, offering to pay the King double the yearly rent paid by the existing lessee. The poets who accepted Porter's bounty were accustomed to offer him a leafy homage. "Brave Porter," says Herrick,

all garlands are thy due,
The laurel, myrtle, oak and ivy too;

and if so, why not the ashes and beeches of Exmoor Forest? But Charles I. seems to have had other designs. When Charles II. was restored, that monarch granted a lease of Exmoor to the Marquess of Ormonde, and this was about the time that, according to legend, a powerful gang of robbers settled near Minehead. Everybody, even if he knows no other fact about Exmoor, is familiar, thanks to Mr. Blackmore, with the history of the Doones. It is, therefore, distressing, but very characteristic of such traditions, that none of the old inhabitants of the district around Oare had ever heard of the Doones until after the novel was published; that the "Doone Valley," whither all tourists now insist upon being taken, is the modern and purely arbitrary name for the lower part of Hoccombe, where it descends to Badgworthy Water. No wonder, therefore, that in the district itself this zeal to trace the footsteps of the Doones is considered not a little ridiculous. When Mr. Blackmore placed the scene of his enchanting fable in a remote corner of Exmoor, he little imagined that it would become the scene of dreary and prosaic pilgrimages.

We have done scant justice to Mr. Rawle's book, which is full of novel and interesting information. We hope that he will pursue still further his investigations into the history of Exmoor Forest.

THE QUEEN AT BALMORAL.

The Queen at Balmoral. By Frank Pope Humphrey. London: T. Fisher Unwin. 1893.

THE chief drawback to the Queen's enjoyment of Balmoral is the too persistent attentions of her loyal subjects. We believe she was driven out of attendance at the church of Crathie, and induced to fit up a private chapel or "Service-room," by the crowds of tourists from Ballater and Braemar who came "in machines" to see her "at worship." So we presume this pleasantly written volume will recommend itself to the many who have never undertaken the pilgrimage to Deeside. It shows Her Majesty veritably at home; for nowhere is she so free from the trammels of State as when indulging in a *villeggiatura* in the Aberdeenshire Highlands. The purchase of Balmoral proved a happy thought, although it is said that Blair Athol would have had the preference could the Duke have been persuaded to give a long lease. But there is a singular charm in the valley of the Dee, and the climate is dry as damp, although the statement may seem paradoxical. For the water filters off as fast as it falls, and the woodland scenery is as salubrious as it is beautiful. The air is embalmed in the intervals of bright sunshine by the resin from the gigantic pines in the forest of Ballochbuie, and by the fragrance of the birch, which is the tree of the country. The birches give the name to Birkhall, which has been annexed to the Royal domains, and the "Birks of Abergeldie" are famous in old Scottish song, though Burns sought to transfer the fame to the "Perthshire Aberfeldie." The birch logs are burned in the royal fires, scenting the apartments with their delicate natural perfume. As for the sport, it is just of the kind to suit

gentlemen who have come from town after a course of good dinners and dissipation. The deer forest has advantages, and the grouse moors are accessible and tolerably level. Yet nothing can be more romantic than the surrounding hills, with the lochs and tarns embosomed in the heather-clad hollows; and few will forget the falls of the Garrywalt when they have seen them tumbling down in seething flood, like cascades of well-frothed chocolate. Naturally the Queen has made the most of the picturesque surroundings. Gently graduated drives have opened up the glens, and there are four shiels, or shooting lodges, which are so many outposts where comfortable night quarters may be found on occasion. Were the Royal Family to leave Balmoral to-morrow it would have left innumerable memorials of the sojourn behind. On each conspicuous height is a cairn, celebrating somebody or some remarkable domestic event; and there are memorial obelisks or statues elsewhere. The building of the cairns shows Her Majesty's attachment to old Celtic customs. And their completion is always celebrated in genuine Highland fashion, with hideous screechings of the pipes and generous libations of whisky. In fact, in that way or by others, the Queen has found her way to the hearts of her Deeside dependents. She makes a pleasure of visiting the old cottagers, especially when they are sick or sorrowful. The aged and ailing are sure to be pensioners on her bounty. And of course the greater tenants are exceptionally fortunate in these hard times when their landlady need not look to each shilling. No estates in the country show more commodious farm buildings or snugger cottages. Like her son, the Prince of Wales, the Queen sets a good example in stock breeding, for the herd of polled Angus cattle at Abergeldie is famous.

Mr. Humphrey seems to have interviewed many of the keepers, foresters, servants, &c., and all of them swear by their Royal mistress. They have many simple anecdotes to relate of the frank and genial manners of the Princes and Princesses who now send children and grandchildren of their own to the Castle nurseries. He describes the apartments and the arrangements of the interior, with the furniture, decorations, and sporting trophies, and the drawings on the walls, which, with the exception of one or two portraits, are all in black and white. He dwells on the Queen's relations with her servants and with the pet dogs who are her inseparable companions; on the routine of her everyday life, her excursions in the hills and her manner of travelling. We may add that we know that country well, and have found the author remarkably accurate in all his details, though there may be differences of opinion as to the phonetic orthography.

HENRY OF NAVARRE.

Heroes of the Nations—Henry of Navarre and the Huguenots in France. By P. F. Willert, M.A., Fellow of Exeter College, Oxford. New York and London: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

NO Frenchman surely has a better claim to be reckoned among the "heroes" of his nation than Henry of Navarre. If his private life was not in all respects heroic—and it must be confessed that in his last amorous adventure, when engaged in his unsuccessful pursuit of the Princess of Condé, he presented a somewhat ridiculous figure—neither as a soldier nor a King did he fall short of greatness. Mr. Willert has, on the whole, treated Henry's career with marked success, and his book, which shows an intimate acquaintance with his authorities, is pleasant to read. As he writes for the most part by no means ill, and with a fair amount of natural liveliness, it is a pity that he should three times at least have adopted the silly and ungrammatical trick of making his personages "laugh" their remarks. Admirers of the late Mr. Green scarcely act kindly towards his memory by perpetually reminding us of one of his most unfortunate affectations. Mr. Willert draws his characters with spirit. Henry himself, Margaret of Valois, Catherine de' Medici, the fair Gabrielle, Mlle. d'Entragues, Sully, and others stand out in bright colours in his pages, and his estimates are generally well considered.

Of Catherine he says that she had "neither passion, nor enthusiasm, nor virtue," that "revenge and hatred were as strange to her nature as gratitude and love," and that, clever and unscrupulous as she was, her schemes constantly ended in failure, because she could not see that the devices which might have been successful in a petty Italian State were unsuited to the larger stage of the kingdom of France. Her most signal failure was her "master-stroke," the Massacre of Saint Bartholomew, of which the results, both immediate and more remote, are well noted. The war with the League is made interesting, and in the account of the battle of Ivry justice is done to the King's forethought and care as a general as well as to his superb gallantry as a leader of cavalry. The narrative, to

our thinking, flags a little over the King's conversion. Mr. Willert, who appears to regard the Huguenots with more admiration than we are able to feel, strongly condemns Henry's conduct, and quotes several stories to show that his conscience was extremely uneasy concerning it. While allowing that the Huguenots were the party of disruption, he scarcely gives sufficient weight to the fact that their predominance would have destroyed the unity of the kingdom and the authority of the Crown. Putting aside the purely religious aspect of the case, we are not inclined to condemn Henry for preferring to be King of France rather than the leader of a gallant faction, and we think that his conversion is treated here rather too much according to the standard of to-day, and without sufficient reference to his circumstances, the character of the religious struggle, and the obligations that lay upon him as King. It was a fortunate thing for France when it became the interest of the Protector of the Huguenots to preserve the unity of the kingdom, and when, again, it fell to a man of such pre-eminent good sense and firmness of character as Henry to compose the troubles of the country. In an excellent chapter on the reorganization of the monarchy, Mr. Willert points out the nature and limits of the work that Henry accomplished in restoring the prosperity of France, and the economic improvements and principles, which were not in all points in accord with the King's policy, of his great Minister, Sully. The indiscretions of Henry's private life are treated with good taste. Some, at least, of them had far too strong a bearing on politics to be kept in the background; and the parts of the volume that relate to them are amusing. The index deserves a word of special commendation.

NEW MUSIC.

WERE this a Kentucky "organ," or were the writer in a flippant mood, the parcel of music under consideration would be described as "weak stuff favoured by Weekes & Co." As it is, an expression of sorrow will be volunteered that so much effort and so many quires of patient paper should have been employed to so little purpose. With one exception, we have here some sixteen compositions in which invention, form, and even grammar of music are all conspicuous by their absence, and the pieces are, besides, so full of mistakes that one cannot but surmise that either nobody has taken the trouble of correcting the proofs, or else that the press has been served with "rejections" not meant for circulation. Anyhow, as we read the pieces we meet with such unusual indications as *prominciato* or *slentando*; we have bars marked *crescendo* right over a *decrecendo* mark, and we come across such remarkable chords in the key of *c* as:—*e, g* FLAT, *d, e*, or *F* FLAT, *d, e, b*, or *c, g*, *B* SHARP, *e, g*! Here the fault is evidently of the transposer, who did not know his work, and who, in transposing from *e flat* a minor third lower, mistook the sharps for flats, and *vice versa*; in other cases the mistakes are a mere matter of negligence. But music sent for review should be free from such blunders, and have at least the merit of being properly corrected.

Aspiring amateurs should be also warned against the excessive use of indications and expressions in a language with which they are not familiar; they should also dispose them more carefully, so as to avoid such ludicrous phrases as "Con amore 2nd time 8^{va}" (which 8^{va}—*basso* or *alta*? or is it *con amore* and *con octava*, or *con octava* and *senza amore*?); they should not put such laconic indications as *amore*, *dolcezza*, *tenerezza*, or such unfathomable injunctions as *basso cantabile* over a succession of six *d*'s in a pianoforte accompaniment.

The exception referred to above is a delightful song by Gerard F. Cobb, to words by G. Hubi Newcombe, "Heather Bells"; the composition is a perfect gem and commends itself to the amateur and to the specialist alike; very quaintly designed with its ten bar strophes and beautifully harmonized, it has the uncommon merit of being very well written for the voice—just within the speaking range—and has everything to deserve success and popularity.

"Can you Forget?" by Geoffrey Bruce, is the regulation sentimental song, as is "Hush, throbbing Heart," by Lester Carew, and "All Mine Own," by Herman Eisoldt. "Annie's Tryst," by Lucy E. Broadwood, is probably meant for a Scotch ditty, but it is not a succession of hard consecutive fifths that makes a song Scotch or gives it local colour. "Childhood," by Theo. Ward, is a cradle song with a distinct barcarolle flavour, and is, moreover, distinguished by some extraordinary modulations (for instance, p. 5, bars 2, 3, and 4), enough *pour faire passer le goût du dodo* to any baby. "Forwards, but Steady!" is a patriotic song, with chorus composed by J. W. Sidebotham, Mus. Bac. Oxon., to words by F. E. Weatherley, and dedicated

to the Right Hon. A. J. Balfour, M.P. The composer recommends that "not more than four verses of this song be sung in performance," which is very thoughtful and kind of him. "Cradle Song," by Claudius H. Couldrey, is arranged as pianoforte solo, and also for piano and violin, or mandolin and piano. "Vera" and "Amy Waltz" are two waltzes by two ladies—Mrs. Nugent-Bankes and Mrs. Charles Marshall—the sort of pleasing music that ladies will write.

"Mazurka Brillante," pour piano, par A. Montague Cooper, brings us back to the glorious days when Tante Aurore was playing "La Prière d'une Vierge" and "Les Cloches du Monastère." "The Pipes of Pan," a gavotte, by Oscar Allan, boasts of four various arrangements—piano, violin, septett, and full orchestra—and is not without merit; but the piece suggests more a polka than the *musica incipitata* of the Lullis, Boccherinis, &c. "The Violinist's Dance Album" is a compilation of all sorts of tunes "suitable for Dancing Assemblies." *Bon appétit!*

LADY EVANS'S GREEK DRESS.

Greek Dress. By Lady Evans. London: Macmillan & Co. 1894.

PERHAPS fair students who glance through Lady Evans's little work on Greek Dress will congratulate themselves on having been born in a Christian country. There were but few changes of fashion in Greek costume, or the changes escape our notice at this distance of time. Scarcely anything was done in bonnets. There was little excitement for a decidedly advanced girl in a "skirt dance," because at certain periods so much of the legs was shown, anyhow, at least in Laconia (see figures 11 and 12). The principal theme of women's conversation must have been stuffs, colours, and embroidery rather than the "cut" of a dress. No doubt there was plenty of room for diversity of taste in these matters. The solitary fragments of Greek stuffs from graves in the Chersonese show that ladies' gowns were covered, like Greek vases, with designs of human beings. Indeed, we knew this without archaeological evidence from the *Adoniazuse* of Theocritus, where, for once, we get some of the changeless feminine chatter about servants, children's costume, and needlework. Oddly enough, Lady Evans does not cite Theocritus, at least neither he nor Aristophanes, nor Herondas nor Lucian, occurs in her index. From all these authors we may learn a good deal about Greek dress and about the way in which the thoughts of women ran on "their things," even after they were dead, in one or two celebrated examples. Men may not have seen much of their finery, according to our ordinary ideas of Greek domestic life; but they be-decked and bedraped themselves, for and against each other. "Where did you get this?" "How much did you give for that?" so they used to twitter, as they twitter still, as they will always twitter, in spite of the Higher Education, the New Hysterics, the Problem of Women, and all the rest of the skittles.

Lady Evans's book would have been decidedly more interesting, we think, if she had loved Greek dress "in a more human sort of way." She is very great on vases, and fibulae, and fragments of statues—all of them edifying, some of them beautiful even in a "processed" plate—but the Greeks, after all, expressed themselves also in literature. The late Master of Balliol had, no doubt, too low an opinion of archaeological evidence, as a man generally has about a topic of which he is ignorant. But a modern school has, perhaps, too exclusive a devotion to material remains, rings, vases, terra cottas. "Inscriptions throw but little light on the subject," says Lady Evans, though we think that inscriptions recording votive offerings to Athene throw a good deal of light, and Lady Evans quotes the inventory of the gear of Hera in Samos. She makes allowances, as is very needful, for the vagaries of artists, who, probably, were not women's tailors, and did not keep up with the fashions. Homer, of course, though literary merely, gives plenty of information. But what surviving *Realien* answer to Homer's period? The Mycenaean rings show men in short drawers and women in flounced petticoats, very tight-laced. Homer's people may have dressed more like the persons "on early black-figured vases" (p. 6), but, on the other hand, the shields of men on the Mycenaean inlaid daggers correspond to Homeric descriptions of shields, and not to the shields of historical Greece. They cover the whole body, "like a tower." Thus it is, at present, perhaps impossible to say how far the costume in Mycenaean antiquities represents the costume which Homer knew. In some respects pictures and his descriptions correspond, in others they are at variance. "As an outer covering the skins of animals were worn in Homeric times," says Lady Evans (*Iliad* x. 177). But these are dressing-suits, thrown on when the

heroes are awakened at night. Moreover, the Tenth Book was under some suspicion even in ancient times. In historic ages the Dorian chiton was very long enduring in fashion; it is impossible to explain how it was worn without a large piece of cloth and a lady to wear it. Obviously, it was apt to fall off and leave the fair owner undraped. About 200-168 B.C. "something very like 'gathers' is found on monuments, and even then it seems slipping off." It does, indeed, and is very becoming to "fair Emily of the shoulders" (figure 9). Pins entered much into Greek female costume. Happily, "safety pins" were invented at a very early period (figure 29). Recent discoveries of archaic statues on the Acropolis show Athenian dress as it was before the Persian war; pigtails "were in," à la Morleena Kenwiga. Lady Evans seems to be mistaken (p. 44) in her reference to the universal wearing of armour by men in the oldest period, and its survival, according to Thucydides, in Epirus and Acarnania. We know perfectly well that Homeric men never put on armour except just before a fight, and the Ætolians did not wear armour eternally. They "carried iron"—that is, wore side-arms; so, at least, we understand Thucydides. Among the numerous illustrations a gem, with a petticoated lady, from Vapheio, is new to us (p. 11). It was published in the Greek *Ephemeris* (1889). For its narrow space—seventy-nine pages—Lady Evans's book is a most useful account of her subject. Her diagrams and descriptions may enable amateurs to dress properly for Greek plays and *tableaux*.

NEW PRINTS.

A PRINT issued by the publishers of *L'Art*, and entitled "Maternité," is from a picture by Mr. George Hitchcock, and represents a woman of not very pleasing appearance carrying a baby. There is merit in Mr. Hitchcock's composition, but it seems to us to be merit of the kind too much in vogue of late years in France—a sort of "Ugliness, be thou my beauty"—which we regret to see creeping gradually into England, though we have no great fear of its ever obtaining complete admiration among the fellow-countrymen of Reynolds and Gainsborough. We should mention that the engraver is M. Charles Giroux, who has done his work with a care and fidelity—a feeling for light and shade and keeping—worthy of a more pleasing subject.

Messrs. Boussod, Valadon, & Cie send a pretty print after a picture by Mr. Laslett Pott. It appears to be engraved by the Goupil process or some other of the kind, and it is well and clearly printed. The seventeenth-century room, with its tapestries, contains all the appropriate accessories—the guitar, the toy soldier, the real soldier in armour, the carved table, and, in the centre of the composition, the Cardinal, his mistress, Anne of Austria, and an old stooping figure, presumably a writing-master, who holds the hand of a pretty boy as he signs the "Royal Reprieve." The figure of Cardinal Mazarin, with his crafty, uneasy face, is particularly good.

NATIONAL UNION GLEANINGS.—VOL. I.

National Union Gleanings. Vol. I. August—December 1893. The Publication Committee of the National Union of Conservative and Constitutional Associations.

IT was a sound notion of the "Publication Committee of the National Union of Conservative and Constitutional Associations" to compile a species of "Politician's Vade Mecum" for use on the Unionist side. This volume of "Gleanings" will be found to be of good service both in newspaper offices and on the hustings. We cannot recommend it better to those who we hope will take advantage of it than by giving a brief account of its contents. Before doing that, however, we may point out that it is very fully indexed, which is a most essential merit, seeing that nearly the most valuable portion of any book of reference is its index. The matter to which the index will serve as guide is varied. This is a list of "Speeches made by Leading Politicians," by Nationalists and Labour leaders, from July to November (inclusive) 1893. Then several pages are given to the names of magazine articles on subjects of interest to politicians, and there is a "Politician's Diary" of proceedings in Parliament. The greater part of the book is devoted to extracts from speeches and articles of public men, arranged by subject. The compilers of these "Gleanings" take care to quote side by side what the Gladstonians said a few years ago, and what they say now on the same points. This is a very amusing game for the Unionist. Nothing is more instructive than to note these contrasts, of which there is, indeed, no end. We begin with a quotation from Sir G. Trevelyan's speech at Snitterford, in

Warwickshire, in December 1885, when he thought that the retention of the Irish members would make them "absolute masters of their own Parliament in Dublin," and "our masters at Westminster as well." Just below this quotation comes this note:—"Sir G. Trevelyan has now voted for the retention of the Irish members for all purposes." As Sir G. Trevelyan is, so are Mr. Gladstone, Mr. Morley, and many others. The "Gleanings" abound in examples of the energy, if not the dexterity, with which they have contrived to eat their words. The work of making these "Gleanings" has been thoroughly done. Every political event of any importance which has occurred in the period chosen by the compilers is carefully recorded, and the most useful parts of the speeches made on both sides are quoted at length. It will be seen that this is an indispensable book, for the leading-article writer and the politician. Both will be saved a great deal of trouble by having under their hand a work of reference which will give them so much useful information in an accessible form. It is to be hoped that the Publication Committee will follow up this first volume with others of the same kind at brief intervals, taking care not to swell the size beyond the handy proportions of the opening number of the series.

FRENCH LITERATURE.

Les épopées françaises. Par Léon Gautier. Tome II. Part II. Paris: Welter.

IT would be a sin to allow any other book to share the notice here of what, though nominally only the second half of the second volume, is practically the conclusion of the second and re-fashioned edition of M. Léon Gautier's great work on the *Chansons de geste*. Begun in the first edition more than thirty, in the second some fifteen or sixteen, years ago, it now presents such a *corpus* of information on its subject as, perhaps, the students of no similar subject enjoy. Too much praise can hardly be given to the indomitable spirit with which M. Gautier has buckled to and accomplished what is, perhaps, the most disgusting of all literary labours—the re-writing and adjusting to fresh information of a great literary task already once performed. But, perhaps, even the measure of praise due to him in this respect is exceeded by that which he has earned in some other respects. From the two great blemishes to which all technical scholarship is exposed, and which have shown themselves with even more than their old virulence in that new kind of scholarship that busies itself with the old forms of modern languages, M. Gautier is conspicuously—almost absolutely—free. He not only does not seem to think it his main business, but he hardly seems to think it his business at all, to construct some brand-new theory of authorship, date, or what not, instead of studying his texts as literature. And he seems still less to think it his duty to comminate and condemn all those who differ with him on these and similar points, most of which are, after all, the merest hypotheses, and may be held or denied with equal reason. In both these respects, but especially in the latter, he presents a most agreeable contrast to one at least of the only other two Old-French scholars who can be ranked with himself. And we fear that the adoption of different lines from his has had something to do with that slackening of the process of publishing the texts themselves which has been increasingly notable in the last twenty years, as compared with the twenty years before them. No doubt the cessation of the State subsidy, which before 1870 existed for the purpose, may have had something to do with this. But we fear the jealousy of scholars, the tendency to re-edit (according to some new standard of critical will-worship) texts already accessible, and the constant multiplication of fantastic requirements in editing itself, have more to answer for. Nothing can be truer (though no doubt the statements have been made by others before him) than M. Gautier's two positions that, what we want first of all is the *texts*, and that we are not likely to get the texts so long as the editor of a new one is fallen upon and mauled, like a welsher on a racecourse, because he has failed to collate a single one of a group of MSS. differing, perhaps, in the most unimportant particulars, and scattered all over Europe, from Dublin to Vienna, and from Stockholm to Turin.

The present volume, which goes on without a title-page straight from the last, begins with the latest *chansons* that have any claim to be called original, those of the fourteenth century, then deals with the last *remaniements* of the older epics, then with the prose versions which succeeded, and, lastly, with the few *incunabula* which give us printed editions of them. After this, however, M. Gautier does not abandon his subject, but abides manfully, though mournfully, by its tomb through the Renaissance and the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, piously sweeping off the rubbish that was shot there until the great

resurrection of sixty years since. It makes a very interesting and delightful volume; and, if only for the bibliography of the later verse *chansons*, of the prose versions, of the early printed books and of the modern editions, would be priceless for reference. Even M. Gautier, for all his very unusual combination of scholarship, taste, and good nature, is, of course, human, and we think he shows his humanity a little in his remarks on the fourteenth-century *chansons*, especially on the greatest of these, *Baudouin de Sebourg*, with its sequel, *Le Bastard de Bouillon*. We could, indeed, extract from M. Gautier quite a *florilegium* of eulogistic expressions on *Baudouin*. It is, perhaps, enough to say that in one place he confesses it to be "étrange et variée, vivante et pittoresque," and he draws on it incessantly for the details of one of those admirable sketches of the life and thought of the time which make the great value of *Les épopées françaises*. Yet he is as incessantly lifting up his heel against it and abusing it; and he is much too honest not to let us see the real reason of this. The author of *Baudouin* has certain extra-literary defects which vex the very soul—a pious, patriotic, and pure soul, if ever there was—of M. Gautier. He is *pas assez Français* (why should he have been, since he was pretty evidently a Fleming?), he laughs at priests and monks, and he makes his hero a very naughty person, and his heroines rather naughtier. This, we admit, is very sad, though we must say that, on taking down our *Baudouin* to refresh our memories as to some of the specially wicked passages which M. Gautier has thoughtfully indicated, they did not seem to us so very, very terrible. And we certainly did not change our old opinion (which we suspect that M. Gautier shares in his purely literary conscience) that, allowing for more sophisticated manners, for rather undue length, and for the imitation inseparable from very late and "literary" work, *Baudouin de Sebourg* and the *Bastard de Bouillon* make one of the most remarkable and delightful verse-romances to be found anywhere out of the very first class.

A little difference like this is, however, the salt of literary intercourse, and certainly it does not make us relish M. Gautier's book less, or admire less the admirable literary qualities displayed in it. We wish we could see some signs of a similar work being done for the other two great divisions of the Arthurian romances and the miscellaneous *Romans d'aventures*. But the former seem to be more and more given up to the idle disputes of date, origin, and so forth, above referred to; and the latter are in a condition absolutely unclassified and unregimented.

NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

THE late Mr. James Bertram's book of recollections, *Some Memories of Books, Authors, and Events* (Constable & Co.), though adorned with a portrait of Scott, deals chiefly with the bookselling trade in Edinburgh as it was half a century ago. Mr. Bertram was apprenticed, in boyhood, to Mr. Tait, the proprietor of the famous *Edinburgh Magazine*, which, in the days of its prime, was all that a magazine should be, and the exact opposite of everything that a magazine now is. In the course of business Mr. Bertram saw something, and heard more, of some of the contributors to "Tait's." De Quincey is the most distinguished person of whom he tells, and pleasant are the recollections of the Opium-eater's charm of manner and speech, his eccentricities, and elf-like ways. He illustrates De Quincey's dislike of receiving money due to him in any form but that of minute doles. He describes his habit, when living "in sanctuary" at Holyrood—in a kind of Scottish "Fleet"—of forwarding "copy" for "Tait's" by the hands of strangers with wondrous precaution. Of Sir Walter Mr. Bertram has less to chronicle. He confesses that he could not read the "Waverley Novels" with any zest. It seems that "in the trade" it was considered generally that "it was Mr. Constable that made Sir Walter," or, perhaps, Mr. Constable was ruined by his authors, since "he never paid these gentlemen less than two, and sometimes got three, prices for what they wrote."

The Great Pestilence, by Francis Aidan Gasquet, D.D., U.S.B. (Simpkin & Co.), treats of the most terrible of all recorded visitations of Plague, that of 1348-49, with regard to Europe generally, in a preliminary sketch, and with regard to Great Britain and Ireland with greater fulness. Dr. Gasquet observes that the story of this appalling epidemic has never been fully told. He notes also, with much force, that English historians, from Hume to the late Mr. J. R. Green, have treated this outbreak of Plague, which carried off something like one-half of the population, as if it were a mere episode, and have neglected the "enormous results, social and religious," that are traceable to the catastrophe. The consequences of the Plague of 1349, however, were of the most enduring kind, and of vital historical importance. It entirely

disorganized the Church and society. It produced a new era in the national life. Such are the chief points of Dr. Gasquet's historical review of the progress and results of the great pestilence, and it must be owned that they are effectively illustrated—especially with regard to the work of the Church—in this interesting book on a lugubrious subject.

Concerning the editing of standard works, there is much to be said in favour of retaining the author's text as he left it, and clearly indicating by notes or by brackets in the body of the work such additions or emendations as the editor working in the light of recent research is entitled to make. Something of this method, yet something more, may be noted of the new edition of the late Mr. James Fergusson's *History of Architecture* (John Murray), edited by Mr. R. Phené Spiers, of which we have Vols. I. and II. The editor claims to have rewritten this admirable work precisely as the author was in the habit of rewriting his various works when a new edition was called for. He has corrected dates, and made some important transpositions and some considerable revisions and additions. It is indisputable that, if Mr. Fergusson's *History of Architecture* is to be written up to date, much revision in parts is necessary. For example, the section of Egyptian architecture must needs be fortified by the discoveries of Mr. Flinders Petrie, and to draw on Professor Middleton in revising the chapters on the architecture of Rome is inevitable. Mr. Fergusson occasionally corrected his theories, and it happens, as Mr. Phené Spiers points out, in one instance at least, that his original theory was sounder than that which supplanted it. Now, Mr. Phené Spiers when he sees fit makes short work of Mr. Fergusson's theories by simply revising them away, as if they were of no moment whatever, and not of interest as an integral part of his work. Let us suppose that some fervid young Darwinian should edit La Marck in this way, and write into his text until the result was an amalgam of the old man of science and the new. Thus in the middle of Mr. Fergusson's chapter on Persia (i. 211) it is written that M. Dieulafoy's discoveries in Susa confirm the theory of "the late Mr. Fergusson." These things being so, why not respect the integrity of Mr. Fergusson's text, and put M. Dieulafoy and the rest in an appendix? The oddity of this apparent reference of the author to himself as "the late Mr. Fergusson" appears more remarkable if we consider the perfectly just admission which Mr. Phené Spiers makes in the preface. "In Persian work," he writes, "the accuracy of Mr. Fergusson's views respecting the arrangement of the plans of Persian palaces, which were first promulgated in 1855, has been confirmed by later explorations at Persepolis, &c." If "confirmed," why interfere with the text?

The new volume, the tenth, of Mr. Henry Morley's "Attempt towards a History of English Literature"—*English Writers* (Cassell & Co.)—is entitled "Shakespeare and his Time—under Elizabeth," and brings to a conclusion the survey of English literature of great Eliza's reign. A second instalment of Shakespeare and his Time "under James I." will form the succeeding volume, and it cannot be said that the space devoted to the subject is at all excessive. The purely Shakespearian chapters, indeed, strike us as somewhat slight. The plays are grouped chronologically—a good plan when possible—and their scope and characteristics dealt with, to our taste with too much moralizing, which in a history we look not for. Especially is this true of Mr. Morley's views of Falstaff, which are oddly unsympathetic, if not decidedly *borné*. But of "characters" of Falstaff there is no end.

Mr. A. M. F. Randolph, for example, has evolved an elaborate volume, *The Trial of Sir John Falstaff* (Putnam's Sons), which covers much ground occupied by past commentators and emendators, and in some ways resembles Landor's ingenious, if somewhat ponderous, critical *jeu d'esprit* on the trial of William Shakespeare.

In the new series of the "Oriental Translation Fund," which carries on the work of the old O.T.F., begun originally in 1828, the third volume has just appeared, under the auspices of the Royal Asiatic Society, of the *Rauzat-us-Safa*, or "Garden of Purity," of Mirkhond, the Persian historian, translated by Mr. E. Behatsek and edited by Mr. F. E. Arbutnot. This volume continues the history of the previous volume, which dealt with Muhammad's life, and comprises the lives and deeds of the Prophet's successors—'Abu Bakr, O'mar, O'thman, and A'li. All four careers are set forth with remarkable power. Especially striking is the story of A'li's masterful sway, and the extraordinary fatalism that governed him.

Mr. Stanley Lane-Poole has produced a most valuable student's companion in *The Mohammadan Dynasties* (Constable & Co.) which comprises chronological and genealogical tables of the various dynasties, arranged geographically, with historical notes

prefixed to each table. Beginning with the dynasties of Spain, as the first to assert their independence of the Baghdad caliphs, Mr. Lane-Poole takes an eastward course to India, until the whole of Islam is dealt with. The book is much more than a reprint, as he points out, of the "Useful Tables" of Prinsep, or of the lists of dynasties compiled by the author for his *Catalogue of Oriental and Indian Coins*. Two synoptic charts, printed in colours, form excellent keys, or general views of the dynasties both before the downfall of the Baghdad caliphate and after, until the present day.

The new volume of the *Calendar of State Papers relating to Ireland* (Eyre & Spottiswoode), edited by Ernest George Atkinson, of the Public Record Office, deals with the eighteen months from July 1596 to December 1597, a period of famine and disorder in Ireland, and of intolerable suspense to the Queen and her advisers on the one hand and to Tyrone on the other. The English Government were hard driven to find recruits for the army in Ireland, and were perplexed by the discordant reports of the negotiations with Tyrone and the other Irish leaders. Tyrone was engaged in prolonging this state of things, being himself in suspense as to the promised help from Spain. In short, as Mr. Atkinson remarks, there was a kind of triangular race going on of English, Irish, and Spaniards, each trying to out-manoeuvre the others. The dissensions of the Council in Dublin, the deplorable state of the army, and the wiles of the crafty Tyrone are placed in a striking light in this interesting volume.

The seventh volume of *Acts of the Privy Council* (Eyre & Spottiswoode) contains records from 1558 to 1570, and begins with the assembly of the Council at Hatfield, 20 and 21 November, 1558, three days after Elizabeth's accession. "The Register begins hopefully," as the editor, Mr. John Roche Dasent, observes. But, as it progresses, there are several blanks, the most serious loss being the Register between May 1567 and May 1570, which in all probability comprised entries relating to the battle of Carberry, the flight of Mary to England, the Casket letters, and other historic matters. The key-note of the volume, as the editor points out, is piracy. There are few pages without some reference to it, or some decree against piratical acts in the British seas. In short, piracy among Englishmen seems to have been as common as smuggling was a century ago.

We have received a new edition, corrected to the current month, of *A Handy Book of the Church of England*, by the Rev. Dr. Cutts (S.P.C.K.), a well-arranged and valuable summary of the work of the Church, and Church institutions, origin, history, and constitution.

We have also received a new volume of the *Calendar of the Close Rolls* (Eyre & Spottiswoode), comprising six years, 1313-1318, of the reign of Edward II.; *Savonarola, Gottfried, and Wilbrand*, three dramas by Wilhelm Weigand (München: H. Lukaschik), in one volume, new edition; *Essays*, by Wilhelm Weigand (München: Lukaschik), new edition; *Rügelieder*, by Wilhelm Weigand (München: Lukaschik), second edition; *The Monastery of the Grande Chartreuse*, by a Carthusian Monk, abridged from the French (Burns & Oates); the treatise *De Præscriptione Hæreticorum*, and the addresses *Ad Martyras* and *Ad Scapulam* of Tertullian, edited, with notes, &c., by T. Herbert Bindley, B.D. (Oxford: at the Clarendon Press); *Advanced Physiology*, by John Thornton, M.A. (Longmans & Co.), illustrated; *The Civilization of Christendom*, by Bernard Bosanquet (Swan Sonnenschein & Co.); *Discussions on Education*, by George Combe (Cassell & Co.), new edition; *Twilight Dreams*, by the Rev. W. B. Carpenter, D.D., Bishop of Ripon (Macmillan & Co.); *Clear the Track!* translated from the German of E. Werner, by Mary Stuart Smith (New York: International News Co.); *Ein Proletarietkind*, humoristischer roman, by Oskar Justinus (Breslau: Schottlaender), 2 vols.; *The Civic Reader*, edited by J. Harris Stone and Ben Jonson (Marcus Ward & Co.); *Suicide and Insanity*, by S. A. K. Strahan, M.D. (Swan Sonnenschein & Co.); *Solid or Descriptive Geometry*, a text-book, by Alex. B. Dobbie, B.Sc. (Blackie & Son); *The Organ and Choir-Master's Diary* for 1894, by Ralph H. Baker (Sampson Low & Co.); *Affairs of the Colony*, concerning the Straits Settlements, &c., by F. M. McLarty (Penang: "Gazette" Press); *Guide to the Training of Infantry Volunteers*, by Lieutenant-Colonel C. G. A. Mayhew (Clowes); *Gold—the God; and other Poems*, by E. L. T. Harris-Bickford (Cambridge: Harris-Bickford); *Flavia*, by Adair Welcker (Berkeley, Cal.: Welcker); *A Legend of Florence: and other Poems*, by Percy G. Mocatta (Simpkin & Co.); *Elizabeth Stuart*, a dramatic sketch, by W. E. Windus (Freshwater, I.W.: Gubbins); *A Lay of the Southern Cross*, by the Very Rev. Henry Jacobs, D.D. (Skeffington); *Ballads of High and Humble Life*, by Canon Jenkins (Folkestone: Kent-

field); *The Parish Councils Bill Explained*, by J. Theodore Dodd (Horace Cox); *The Dog Owner's Annual* for 1894, illustrated (Dean & Son); and a *Catalogue of Paintings, Statues, and Prints* in the India Office, by William Foster (Eyre & Spottiswoode).

We beg leave to state that we cannot return rejected Communications; and to this rule we can make no exception, even if stamps for return of MS. are sent. The Editor must also entirely decline to enter into correspondence with the writers of MSS. sent in and not acknowledged.

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